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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 335.

PIKE TESTIMONY.

BY HENRI MONTCAIM.

Stranger, 'xouse my grinnin' so.
I'm thunders' tickled, and you'll allow
'Tis rather a tall old joke on Joe,
To be woke up sudden, taken from jail
And tarred and feathered and rode on a rail,
For goin' through old Marm Roundy's till,
When I don't mind tellin' you—*you'd* keep still!
He mought 'a' easily made it clear
He warn't within five miles of 'thar.

Why didn't he prove a allybi?
Wal, stranger, I don't mind tellin' you why.
For see, old Joe,
He couldn't but know
Thar's a powerful prejudice this here way
'Ginst stealin' horses, and such display.
Why, ef they'd 'a' knowed whar he was that
night,

They'd 'a' strung him up as high's a kite,
For may be all your old boots on that,
He was nabbin' horses down at the flat!

And more'n all that, ef I'd hed the will,
I could easy show
That 'twarn't old Joe
That went through Mother Roundy's till.
Ef I knew it,
Why didn't I do it?

Wal, yer see,
'Twas kind of a family matter with me.
I'd 'a' ben a low-lived scallywag,
Goin' about
And lettin' out
Tears my old men as look that swag!

Little Volcano, THE BOY MINER; OR, The Pirates of the Placers.

A ROMANCE OF LIFE AMONG THE LAWLESS.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC
PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A ROAD AGENT IN SPIRIT OF HIMSELF.

"HALT, there! Move a finger and I'll fill you
so full of holes that your carcass won't hold wa-
ter!"

The words rung out clear and distinct upon the
morning air, rendered doubly significant by the
sharp, metallic clink-clink, telling of one or more
firearms being prepared for instant use.

The traveler promptly obeyed, in so far that he
halted abruptly, the clear, mellow whistle with
which he was blowing his way ceasing as sudden-
ly, while his eyes turned instinctively toward the
dense clump of bushes from whence had issued the
startling mandate. And, though his bronzed cheek
grew a thought paler, his right hand quickly closed
upon the revolver butt at his hip.

"None of that—keep your hands free, or there'll
be a feast for the black ravens right where you
stand now!" sharply added the same voice.
"Thank your patron saint that we are feeling in a
comfortable humor to-day, else a brace of bullets
would have ordered your halt, instead of my sweet
voice. You see—we are five to one—and that one
a baby."

"Baby or not—give me half a show and I'll fight
the lot—but not you skulk behind cover and shoot
down honest men from behind!"

"Don't they grow men bigger than that, where
you came from?" and, grinning with the grin of a
snarling coyote, the speaker emerged from his
cover.

There was a strong contrast between the two,
thus confronting each other.

The traveler was a trifle below the medium high
of man, and seemed rather "chunky" in build,
though that was in part the effect of his heavy, fit-
ting miner's suit of woolen and corduroy. In
the chaste language of the P. R., he was one who
would "heel well." His face, though bronzed by
sun and wind, was tinged with pink and white.

This, added to the soft fuzzy down—not unlike
that upon a peach—shading his upper lip and along
his jaws, gave him an amiable air, not calculated
to inspire awe in the breast of a rough "forty-
niner," or a knight of the road such as now con-
fronted the lad. But there was an expression
around the clear-cut, red lips, a steady glitter in
the full blue eye that indicated more than appeared
upon the surface.

The laughing outlaw was tall, rising six feet, of a
gaunt, bony and angular build, yet apparently ac-
tive and supple as a mountain lion. A livid scar
transversed his face, which had cut into and dis-
torted the vision of one eye. A straggling, wiry
black beard and mustache, long locks of greasy
hair, a torn and blood-stained suit of Mexican gar-
ments, a belt fairly bristling with knives and re-
volvers, a straight-backed, two-edged sword hang-
ing naked at his hip, a long "Kentucky rifle" in
his hand—such was the "outfit" of the road-agent.

"What do you want with me, any how?" sharply
demanded the youth, his eyes glowing at the taunt.
"If you are a chief, you've struck a blind lead
here. I'm 'shoal on the bar'—haven't got dust
enough to buy a square meal—"

"We're after bigger game, baby—but you'll do to
help pass away the time while waiting. As for gold
—I've silted many a man's wason for love—just to
see the red blood gurgle and flow—I love it! It's
better'n milk to me—dearer than all the red
gold."

His wolfish face became inflamed, his little eyes
glowed and snapped, and one hand clutched ner-
vously at his throat. The young man started, with
a little cry.

"Three-Fingered Jack!"

"Ay! Manuel Garcia, or Three-Fingered Jack, as
they call me," said the outlaw, proudly, hang-
ing up his mutilated hand. "You have heard of me!"

"I have—and I would give a year of my life to
stand face to face with you, equally armed and
with none of your cowardly coyotes around to aid
you!" cried the miner, with intense bitterness, as
he sprung back a pace and half drew a revolver.

But his desperate resolve was promptly frustra-
ted. A pair of sinewy arms were wound around
him from behind, and a chuckling outlaw held him
helpless, clear of the ground, despite his furious
struggles. Then Garcia, laughing ferociously, drew
a knife and signed for his comrade to loosen his
hold.

"Is it worth while, Jack?" interrupted a third
outlaw. "He is not worth the plucking, and there
is no honor to be gained by a man's killing a baby
in knife-play."

"You are right, Cardoza—and I was a fool for
minding his kicks. Bring him under cover, Jim;
we will settle what to do with him there."

The captive was borne into the bushes, and there
deposited in the center of the ring formed by the
five outlaws. If not resigned to his fate, he realized
the utter futility of attempting resistance, and quietly
submitted. Yet there was no trace of fear to be
read in his clear eye, nor upon his boyish face,
though the conversation of the quintette was any-
thing but comforting.



The stage whirled around upon two wheels, the others whizzed in the air, and all seemed lost.

"It's been two days since I had a fresh drink,"
muttered Three-Fingered Jack, playing thought-
fully with his knife.

"And my bullet-pouch is clean wored out," chimed
in Mountain Jim, the renegade Kentuckian. "His
hide looks kinder tender, and—think it'll answer,
boys!"

"Bah! he laughs at you—see!" interrupted the
fourth, a little smoke-dried scoundrel, whose full
title would fill a column, but who was known to
the family as "The Scorcher," from an incident
well known in Sonora. "We must put our heads
together and devise something extra for this
nightly."

"Drop it all," peremptorily cried Three-Fingers.
"We'll have our sport and turn it to profit, as
well. As for you, young sir—listen to me."

The mutilated outlaw changed his position to one
more easy, and while his keen eyes were peering at
the young miner through his shaggy eyebrows, he
lazily sliced the earth and moss with his knife.

"I don't know why I don't slit your throat
and be done with it—that's more in my line, and may-
hap I'll do it yet—I make no promises, unless you
choose to take the one chance which I'm going to
offer you. I suppose you're what is called *honest*."

"Suppose what you please—but understand one
thing. You learn nothing from me until I see what
you are driving at. Play with your cards on the
table, and maybe I'll take a hand in."

"Knock the impudent cur in the head!" growled
Mountain Jim.

"What's your name?" continued Garcia, with-
out noticing the ruffian.

"Little Volcano," shortly replied the prisoner.

"Good enough! Now listen. You have heard of
us; you know what we are. Naturally enough we
don't like those whom the world calls honest men
—they are fools and cowards, every one. They ei-
ther don't know enough to be road-agents, or else
they are afraid of the consequences. You don't
seem to be either. You would be an honor to our
family—when you grow a little older—"

"Thank you for nothing!" sneered the young
miner. "If you hadn't taken such care to tie my

hands, I'd give you an answer that you couldn't
mistake."

With remarkable forbearance for him, Garcia
laughed quietly. He had decided upon his course
and was not to be driven from it.

"Don't borrow trouble—we don't pick up re-
cruits for our noble army so carelessly. You
couldn't join us if you begged till all was blue, for
you're an American and our master hates them as
the devil does holy water. Lucky you fell into my
hands instead of his!"

"Yes—report says you are a model of humanity!"
and the blue eyes glowed with angry hatred as he
recalled the horrible tales told of this blood-stained
devil in human shape.

"Let that pass. This is what I mean: I'll give you
one chance for life. If you refuse it, say your
prayers beforehand. You won't have time after.
You understand?"

"Clear as mud! I may understand better when
you tell me the rest," coldly replied Little Vol-
cano.

"I said you'd make a good road-agent, with prac-
tice. If you make me lie, so much the worse for
you. You see yonder trail? It leads to the town
of Hard Luck. There are no many travelers along
it, except by stage. So much the better for you,
since you must stop and go through the first pas-
senger who chances along, or else have your throat
slit as you lie."

The four outlaws who had been listening rather
impatiently to the somewhat prosy explanation of
their comrade, here expressed their delight at the
novel entertainment promised them.

"It'll be better'n a dog fight, won't it?" chuck-
led Mountain Jim, nudging Cardoza with his el-
bow.

"Yes—if the pilgrim only shows fight," added
that worthy.

"Well, which is it?" demanded Three-Fingered
Jack, as he turned toward the prisoner. "The
knife or—?"

"Let me think—there's no one in sight yet,"
muttered Little Volcano, in a low, strained voice.
"You know the consequences. I don't care, my-
self, how you decide," carelessly added Garcia, as

he rolled over and producing a deck of well worn
cards from his bootleg, the party were soon deeply
interested in the beauties of *monte*.

Little Volcano—as he had given his name—
watched them moodily enough. It was, to say the
least, a disagreeable predicament into which he had
fallen. Joaquín Murietta and his gang of out-
laws and footpads were then a power in the
land, carrying matters with a high hand, writing
their names in letters of blood throughout the
Golden State, here to-day, there to-morrow. And of
them all, not even Joaquín himself was feared and
execrated more than Three-Fingered Jack—the
fiend in human guise, who killed for the mere
pleasure of slaying—whose victims—among them
helpless women and children—could be numbered
by the score.

All this the prisoner knew; he knew, too, that
Garcia would not hesitate to put his threat into ex-
ecution at the slightest provocation.

"Say, old man," he called out, sharply. "Sup-
posing there's more than one pilgrim—"

"So much the worse for you. One or twenty,
you must halt and go through the next party that
comes along yonder trail. If you do it, then you
are free to go your way—if not—you understand?"

Little Volcano sunk back and relapsed into moody
silence. There was one chance. The trail to Hard
Luck was not one noted for its travel. The pa-
senger of the outlaws might be exhausted before
any "pilgrim" came along.

This hope was crushed almost as soon as con-
ceived. Three-Fingered Jack suddenly dropped
his cards and bent his ear attentively, a grim smile
curling his heavy lip. Paint and sounding from
afar, the listeners could just distinguish a whistle
—as though some wayfarer was beguiling his step
with a merry tune.

"Your chance is coming, young hill-on-fire,"
grinned Garcia, turning to Little Volcano. "Will
you take it?"

"You know I must," was the sullen reply. "Set
me free and give me my weapons."

"So you can use them on us, eh? Well, we'll
run the risk. Mind—the first crooked step you
take will be your last. You've got to go through

that mocking-bird, or we'll put lead enough in your
carcass to anchor you in forty fathoms—mind
that!"

"If you're afraid, you can hide yourself first, then
throw me my tools," sneered the young miner.
"Five men afraid of one little boy—and he unarm-
ed, and with his hands tied!"

"Crow as loud in his ear and you'll scare him
to death," laughed Garcia, as he released the cap-
tive and restored his weapons. "When he gets to
yonder rock, show yourself and go through him.
If he cuts up rusty, give him a pill. If he is fool
enough to make a fuss and rub you out, we'll take
care to avenge you—"

"Much good that'll do me! Thank you for noth-
ing, Three-Fingered Jack. Only—I wish it was
you coming along the trail!"

"Thar he comes—only one feller!" muttered
Mountain Jim, in a tone of disgust. "An old crum-
ple, too!"

The pilgrim, still whistling merrily, appeared up-
on the ridge, and Little Volcano cast an anxious
glance toward the one whom he was sentenced to
rob or lose his own life.

He was tall—would have been remarkably so only
for a stoop which amounted to almost deformity.
His hair and long beard were of a dingy yellowish
white. His clothes would have put any respectable
scoundrel to the blush, so dilapidated were they,
patched and pieced though they had been with odds
and ends until scarce a trace of the original ma-
terial remained. One shoulder supported an old
rusty rifle, with bandaged stock, from the barrel of
which dangled a bundle tied up in a piece of sack-
ing.

"When he reaches the rock—out you go!" hissed
Three-Fingered Jack, holding a cocked revolver
where Little Volcano could see it. "And mind—no
tricks. The first sign of treachery and you're a
dead man!"

"You said that before—do you think I'm a fool?"
angrily muttered the boy miner, as he looked to
his weapons.

The old man reached the rock indicated.

"Halt there! lift a finger and you're a dead
man!"

Little Volcano leaped forward with leveled re-
volver, uttering this challenge in a clear, sharp
voice. The old man paused abruptly, his tall form
straightening itself, but then a puzzled look came
over his face, as he saw his antagonist.

"Not a word—shell out your dust or you're a
dead man!" added Little Volcano, still advancing;
then, when almost within arm's length of the
traveler, he muttered: "I've watched by howl-
ers of Joaquín's men—play frightened, or we're gone
up!"

"Don't—don't p'int that thing this-way—'spos-
in' it'd go off—whar'd I be? Don't shoot—I'll give
you all I've got—"

"Hurry up, then—my arm's getting tired—shell
out, or I'll blow you to never come back—less'n
no time!" cried Little Volcano, for the bene-
fit of the listening outlaws; adding in a whisper:
"Edge toward the bank—do it natural, as you can—
once there we'll give them the slip yet."

"I will—I will—the dust is in my bundle—don't
shoot and I'll git it for you, mister," quavered the
miner, as he swung his long rifle around from his
shoulder.

The bundle fell from the barrel with such force
that it rolled over and over until it passed within
half a dozen feet of the steep slope. But so natu-
rally was it done that even Little Volcano believed
it the result of an accident.

"It's in thar—my precious gold!" whispered
the old man, as he hobbled toward the bundle,
closely followed by the boy miner, whose revolver
was at his head all the time.

"Shell it out, then—quick! Now jump down the
hill and hunt your cover!"

As though impelled by the same spring the two
sprang over the bank into the hollow, a rifle bullet
passing above their heads.

CHAPTER II.

THE AMBUSH SPRUNG.

DEXTEROUSLY kicking his precious bundle before
him, the old man sprang nimbly across the narrow
space that intervened, disappearing from view of
the outlaws, who were highly amused at the suc-
cess of their little comedy, before they even sus-
pected anything wrong.

Little Volcano followed the "pilgrim's" example,
but not one moment too soon. Three-Fingered
Jack saw that more was being played than was
down in the hill, and broke cover, sending a hasty
shot after his refractory pupil, but which only
hastened Little Volcano's descent as the ragged
bullet hissed past his ear.

The trail running between Hangtown and Hard
Luck at this point wound along the hillside, where
a level ledge of near fifty yards in width afforded
a natural road-bed. Upon the right, or rather to-
ward the east, the ledge sloped down, almost per-
pendicular for twenty feet; beyond this was an
irregular level space, thickly studded with howl-
ers, bushes and stunted trees. Down this decliv-
ity the two miners had sprung.

Scrambling to his feet, the old man darted away
with an activity remarkable for one of his years,
closely followed by Little Volcano, whose voice
rang out in a merry peal of laughter at the suc-
cess of his ruse.

"Kiver, youngster—thar burns more powder!"
cried the old man, as the angry yells of the out-
lawed road-agents blended with several pistol
shots. "Kiver—quick! They're so blamed care-
less they'd jist as soon hit a feller as not!"

Little Volcano promptly obeyed, plunging head-
foremost into a clump of bushes which grew be-
side a large boulder; but not so the old man.
Wheeling quickly, he threw up his rifle, scarce
waiting until it reached a level ere touching the
hair-trigger.

A muffled, choking howl of agony followed, and
flinging aloft his arms, leaping far out from the
ledge, one of the road-agents plunged heavily down
upon eth bowlders, a lifeless mass. The Scorch-
er had reached the end of his earthly trail.

"Whoop!" recklessly yelled the old man,
tossing back his long hair in the mountain breeze,
as he dextrously reloaded his rifle, making no effort
to seek cover. "Whoop! whar's the next critter
as wants to buck against the ontamed waugh-horse
o' the desert? Hyar I stan', the biggest litt'e man
as ever wore ha'r! My name's 'aral death to sin-
ners, an' when I light onto 'em, it's like a double
an' twisted yearquake a-bustin'! Hyar I stan',
ragged an' dirty, the bob-tailed bull of Salt river,
as kin—"

"Cover, you old fool! D'y want to stand up there
and get shot like a hog in a pen?" angrily yelled
Little Volcano, as he sprung up and took a snap
shot at the outlaws, just in time to divert the aim
of Three-Fingered Jack, whose bullet cut a lock
of hair from the old man's temple.

"Mebbe 'twould be as well," coldly replied that
worthy, as the road-agents dodged and the old man,
"I jist wanted to coax the onnannerly varmint
down hyar, so we could jist nat'ally chaw 'em up
an' spit 'em to thunder. But they won't come—
they hain't got no sense o' fun in 'em—not a durned
bit!" and he snuffed contemptuously as he crouched
down beside the boy miner.

"They'll come fast enough to suit your health—
don't you be uneasy on that score. If you've
tramped these diggings long, you'd ought to know
that Three-Fingered Jack is a bulldog that doesn't
loose his grip until the piece comes out—once let
him taste blood," said Little Volcano, keeping a
keen watch along the ledge with pistol ready for
instant use.

"All as comes won't go back ag'in on thar own
legs," quietly returned the old man. "They—"

He rapidly leveled his rifle, but lowered it with-
out firing.

"They're wuss'n a forty-legged flea! A streak o'

he confined both fore-legs of the wild ass, and Manuel assisted him in securing it for the night. They had but little sleep. Every one was too anxious. They knew that, when the strange Arabs discovered the loss of their warriors, they would, in all probability, come after them in numbers far exceeding those of the Hamraus. Wherefore everybody collected his arms, and prepared for battle. The Hamraus were strapping their swords, the only weapons they used. Manuel and his friends put on their revolvers and ammunition-pouches, kept their rifles ready, and hung their swords in their belts. Ever since they had seen the Hamraus, they had had their services at work sharpening these last, and had them as sharp as those of the Arabs, although much lighter. The Hamraus prefer heavy swords, which will deal terrible cuts, but they know very little of fencing.

That night Tom Bullard came to Curtis, with a strange request, from him. "Jack," he said, "suppose you teach me how to use a sword. I'd no idea the ordinary thing was so difficult. I cut at that cuss of an Arab to-night six or seven times, and the fellow poked out his shield and caught it every time, and would you believe it, I didn't so much as cut his shield once, while Abu Hassan only gave one clip, and off came a man's hand at the wrist."

Curtis laughed. He had grown much stronger since the time the Chaco Indian had defeated him so ignominiously on the pampas. He had been practicing with Manuel, and the two had taken lessons in Paris, as they passed through, of a celebrated fencer named Robert. Moreover, he knew how to ride, military fashion, now, which is half the secret of using a sword on horseback. If the horse is not trained to obey the rein and leg, half of the swordsman's cuts are wasted in air, when his charger shies. So Jack proceeded to enlighten Tom.

"You must have cut with the flat of the blade," he said. "That's what beginners are always doing. The sword turns in their hand and they don't know it, and think it doesn't cut. I'll teach you all I know, and if you like, we'll begin to-night; for you'll want to know something to-morrow morning. At all events you can learn to cut. Leave the other men to do the guarding."

So Tom went to work at once, practicing all the cuts and thrusts, and Manuel showed him how a thrust was always best in single combat, because it kept the body covered better than a cut, besides being more dangerous.

"But, if you are beset by several people," he told him, "don't thrust, for if you run a man through, the next may cut you down, before you can get your sword out; and look out you don't lift your own horse on the head, which beginners are always doing."

While Jack and Tom were practicing sword exercise, Manuel was attending to fortifying the camp with a fence of loose stones, and getting his people into order. The cowardly Egyptian camel-drivers were very much frightened, and would have run away if they had dared. The strange Arabs belonged to a tribe called the Beni Hallowin or Sons of Hallowin, dreaded by the dwellers on the borders of the desert for their ferocity. The Hamraus were always fighting them, and admitted that they were good warriors.

"But the Hamraus fear no one on earth," said Sheikh Haroun, proudly; "and we have killed many of the Beni Hallowin ere this. They are wolves of the desert, and we are the lions of the mountains. To-morrow, my sons, you shall see them scattered like the sand before the wind."

Manuel did not feel much alarm about the result of the battle. All or nearly all of his men had long Arab muskets, and he had taught them to reserve their fire till he ordered them to shoot. It was settled that in the morning, if the Beni Hallowin attacked them—Sheikh Haroun said that they were sure to do it just before daylight, if at all—Curtis and Tom Bullard were to stay in camp, as the best shots, and superintend the camel-drivers and servants, to hold them to defend the breastwork. Manuel and the Hamraus were to go out of camp on horseback, and to fall on the enemy in the rear while they were engaged in front, using the sword only.

Tom Bullard was so much attached to Manuel that he offered to lend him the wild ass to ride, which nothing else would have made him do to a soul.

"For you kin beat me riding," he admitted. "You kin beat any of us, and you kin use a sword like a ring-tailed spouter. Wiseman, if you have to shoot, though, remember what I says: git as close as ever you kin, afore you pulls trigger. One shot across a table is worth fifty 'cross lots. You see if it ain't, Wiseman. I've ben 'tar'!"

So the night wore away in preparation, and as the morning approached Manuel mounted the wild ass, using Tom's "patent riding-master" in case of accidents, put on over his own little gaucho saddle, in which he rode from preference. Manuel had a saber as sharp as a razor, and a pair of revolvers; and as he was now eighteen, and well grown, he looked a pretty tough customer to tackle.

He left the Hamraus in rear of the camp, standing by their horses, and rode softly around to the front, at a walk. The wild ass was quite submissive, and seemed to recognize it had found a master. The young Spaniard was out in the desert very soon, and rode softly on toward the camp of the Beni Hallowin. As he had anticipated, they were coming, bright and early. He heard low voices ahead of him and the tramp of horses, before he had gone two hundred yards away.

Manuel halted, dismounted, lay down on the sand, and looked ahead through the gloom, for it was so dark that he could see nothing from the saddle. He beheld a dense mass of dark figures on horseback outlined against the starlit sky.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 82.)

CENTENNIAL.—On the 4th of July, 1776, George Washington was 44 years old; Martha Washington, 43; Samuel Adams, 54; John Adams, 41; Abigail Adams, 32; John Quincy Adams, 9; Thomas Jefferson, 33; Patrick Henry, 40; James Madison, 25; Thomas Paine, 39; James Otis, 51; Fisher Ames, 18; William Pitt, 39; Josiah Quincy, Jr., 32; Nathaniel Greene, 34; Edmund Burke, 46; Jonathan Turnball, 36; Roger Sherman, 55; Aaron Burr, 20; Benedict Arnold, 36; George Clinton, 37; Alexander Hamilton, 19; Robert R. Livingston, 29; Philip Livingston, 60; Philip Schuyler, 43; Benjamin Franklin, 70; Benjamin Rush, 41; Robert Morris, 42; Charles Carroll, 39; Caesar Rodney, 46; Edward Rutledge, 27; William Moultrie, 45; Horatio Gates, 48; John Rutledge, 37; Thomas Sumter, 42; Charles C. Pinckney, 30; Charles Pinckney, 18; James Monroe, 18; Timothy Pickens, 31; Anthony Wayne, 31; Israel Putnam, 58; Rufus King, 21; John Hancock, 39; Eldridge Gerry, 32; Richard Stockton, 46; George Wythe, 50; Marquis La Fayette, 19; Francis Marion, 44; Henry Knox, 26; Richard Henry Lee, 44; John Jay, 31.

HOPE.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What vision forms the Eolian organ play,
And sweeps the furrowed lines of anxious thought
away!

LA MASQUE.

The Veiled Sorceress; OR, THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION AND MYSTERY.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,

AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWIN SISTERS," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY,"
"ERMINIE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HIDDEN FACE.

WHEN Mr. Malcolm Ormiston, with his usual good sense and penetration, took himself off, and left Leoline and Sir Norman *à-la-tata*, his steps turned as mechanically as the needle to the North Star toward La Masque's house. Before it he wandered, around it he wandered, like an uneasy ghost, lost in speculation about the hidden face, and fearfully impatient about the flight of time. If La Masque saw him hovering aloof and unable to tear himself away, perhaps it might touch her obdurate heart, and cause her to shorten the dreary interval, and summon him to her presence at once. Just then some one opened the door, and his heart began to beat with anticipation; some one pronounced his name, and, going over, he saw the animated bag of bones—otherwise his lady-love's vassal and porter.

La Masque says, began the attenuated lackey, and Ormiston's heart nearly jumped out of his mouth, "that she can't have anybody hanging about her house like this shadow; and she wants you to go away, and keep away, till the time comes she has mentioned."

So saying, the skeleton shut the door, and Ormiston's heart went down to zero. There being nothing for it but obedience, however, he slowly and reluctantly turned away, feeling in his bones, that if ever he came to the bliss and ecstasy of calling La Masque Mrs. Ormiston, the gray mare in his stable would be by a long odds the better horse. Unintentionally his steps turned to the water-side, and he descended the flight of stairs, determined to get into a boat and watch the illumination from the river. Late as was the hour, the Thames seemed alive with wherries and barges, and their numerous lights danced along the surface like fireflies over a marsh. A gay barge, gilded and cushioned, was going slowly past; and as he stood directly under the lamp, he was recognized by a gentleman within it, who leaned over and hailed him:

"Ormiston. I say, Ormiston."

"Well, my lord," said Ormiston, recognizing the handsome face and animated voice of the Earl of Rochester.

"Have you any engagement for the next half-hour? If not, do me the favor to take a seat here, and watch London in flames from the river."

"With all my heart," said Ormiston, running down to the water's edge, and leaping into the boat. "With all this bustle of life around here, one would think it were noonday instead of midnight."

"The whole city is astir about these fires. Have you any idea they will be successful?"

"Not the least. You know, my lord, the prediction runs, that the plague will rage till the living are no longer able to bury the dead."

"It will soon come to that," said the earl, shuddering slightly, "if it continues increasing much longer as it does now daily. How do the bills of mortality run to-day?"

"I have not heard. Hark! There goes St. Paul's, tolling twelve."

"And there goes a flash of fire—the first among many. Look, look! How they spring up into the black darkness."

"They will not do it long. Look at the sky, my lord."

The earl glanced up at the midnight sky, of a dull and dingy red color, except where black and heavy clouds were heaving like angry billows, all dingy with smoke and streaked with bars of inflamed fiery red.

"I see! There is a storm coming, and a heavy one! Our worthy burghers and most worshipful lord mayor will see their fires extinguished shortly, and themselves sent home with a wet jacket."

"And for weeks, almost months, there has not fallen a drop of rain," remarked Ormiston, gravely.

"A remarkable coincidence, truly. There seems to be a fatality hanging over this devoted city."

"I wonder your lordship remains?"

The earl shrugged his shoulders significantly. "It is not so easy leaving it as you think, Mr. Ormiston; but I am to turn my back to it to-morrow for a brief period. You are aware, I suppose, that the court leaves before day-break for Oxford?"

"I believe I have heard something of it—how long to remain?"

"Till Old Rowley takes it into his head to come back again," said the earl, familiarly, "which will probably be in a week or two. Look at that sky, all black and scarlet; and look at those people—I scarcely thought there were half the number left alive in London."

"Even the sick have come out to-night," said Ormiston. "Half the pest-stricken in the city have left their beds, full of new-born hope. One would think it were a carnival."

"So it is—a carnival of death! I hope, Ormiston," said the earl, looking at him with a light laugh, "the pretty little white fairy we rescued from the river is not one of the sick parading the streets?"

Ormiston looked grave.

"No, my lord, I think she is not. I left her safe and secure."

"Who is she, Ormiston?" coaxed the earl, laughingly. "Pshaw, man! don't make a mountain out of a mole-hill! Tell me her name?"

"Her name is Leoline."

"What else?"

"That is just what I would like to have some one tell me. I give you my honor, my lord, I do not know."

The earl's face, half-indignant, half-incredulous, wholly curious, made Ormiston smile.

"It is a positive fact, my lord. I asked her her name, and she told me Leoline—a pretty title enough, but rather unsatisfactory."

"How long have you known her?"

"To the best of my belief," said Ormiston, musingly, "about four hours."

"Nonsense!" cried the earl, energetically.

"What are you telling me, Ormiston? You said she was an old friend."

"I beg your pardon, my lord, I said no such thing. I told you she had escaped from her friends, which was strictly true."

"Then how the demon had you the impudence to come up and carry her off in that style? I certainly had a better right to her than you—the right of discovery; and I shall call upon you to deliver her up!"

"If she belonged to me I should only be too happy to oblige your lordship," laughed Ormiston; "but she is at present the property of Sir Norman Kingsley, and to him you must apply."

"Ah! His inamorata, is she? Well, I must say his taste is excellent; but I should think you ought to know her name, since you and he are noted for being a modern Damon and Pythias."

"Probably I should, my lord, only Sir Norman, unfortunately, does not know himself."

The earl's countenance looked so utterly blank at this announcement that Ormiston was forced to throw in a word of explanation.

"I mean to say, my lord, that he has fallen in love with her; and, judging from appearances, I should say his flame is not altogether hopeless, although they have met to-night for the first time."

"A rapid passion. Where have you left her, Ormiston?"

"In her own house, my lord," Ormiston replied, smiling quietly to himself.

"About a dozen yards from where I stood when you called me."

"Who are her family?" continued the earl, who seemed possessed of a devouring curiosity.

"She has none that I know of. I imagine Mistress Leoline is an orphan. I know there was not a living soul but ourselves in the house I brought her to."

"And you left her there alone?" exclaimed the earl, half starting up, as if about to order the boatman to row back to the landing.

Ormiston looked at his excited face with a glance full of quiet malice.

"No, my lord, not quite; Sir Norman Kingsley was with her!"

"Oh!" said the earl, smiling back with a look of chagrin. "Then he will probably find out her name before he comes away. I wonder you could give her up so easily to him after all your trouble!"

"Smitten, my lord?" inquired Ormiston, maliciously.

"Hopelessly!" replied the earl, with a deep sigh. "She was a perfect little beauty; and if I can find her, I warn Sir Norman Kingsley to take care! I have already sent Hubert out in search of her; and, by the way," said the earl, with a sudden increase of animation, "what a wonderful resemblance she bears to Hubert—I could almost swear they were one and the same!"

"The likeness is marvelous; but I should hate to take such an oath. I confess I am somewhat curious myself; but I stand no chance of having it gratified before to-morrow, I suppose."

"How those fires blaze! It is ten degrees brighter than noonday. Show me the house in which Leoline lives?"

Ormiston easily pointed it out, and showed the earl the light still burning in her window.

"It was in that room we found her first, dead of the plague!"

"Dead of the what?" cried the earl, aghast.

"Dead of the plague! I'll tell your lordship how it was," said Ormiston, who forthwith commenced and related the story of their finding Leoline; of the resuscitation at the plague-pit; of the flight from Sir Norman's house, and of the delicious plunge into the river, and miraculous cure.

"A marvelous story," commented the earl, much interested. "And Leoline seems to have as many lives as a cat! Who can she be—a princess in disguise—eh, Ormiston?"

"She looks fit to be a princess, or anything else; but your lordship knows as much about her, now, as I do."

"You say she was dressed as a bride—how came that?"

"Simply enough. She was to be married to-night, had she not taken the plague instead."

"Married? Why, I thought you told me a few minutes ago she was in love with Kingsley. It seems to me, Mr. Ormiston, your remarks are a trifle inconsistent," said the earl, in a tone of astonished displeasure.

"Nevertheless, they are all perfectly true. Mistress Leoline was to have been married, as I told you, but she was to have been married to please her friends, and not herself. She had been in the habit of watching Kingsley go past her window; and the way she blushed, and went through the other little motions, convinces me that his course of true love will run as smooth as this glassy river runs at present."

"Kingsley is a lucky fellow. Will the discarded suitor have no voice in the matter, or is he such a simpleton as to give her up at a word?"

Ormiston laughed.

"Ah! to be sure, what will the count say! And, judging from some things I've heard, I should say he is violently in love with her."

"Count what?" asked Rochester. "Or has he, like his lady-love, no other name?"

"Oh, no! The name of the gentleman who was so nearly blessed for life, and missed it, is Count L'Estrange!"

The earl had been lying listlessly back, only half intent upon his answer, as he watched the fire; but now he sprang sharply up, and stared Ormiston full in the face.

"Count what did you say?" was his eager question, while his eyes, more eager than his voice, strove to read the reply before it was repeated.

"Count L'Estrange. You know him, my lord!" said Ormiston, quietly.

"Ah!" said the earl. And then such a strange, meaning smile went wandering about his face. "I have not said that! So his name is Count L'Estrange? Well, I don't wonder now at the girl's beauty."

The earl sunk back to his former nonchalant position, and fell for a moment or two into deep musing; and then, as if the whole thing struck him in a new and ludicrous light, he broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter.

Ormiston looked at him curiously.

"It is my turn to ask questions, now, my lord. Who is Count L'Estrange?"

"I know of no such person, Ormiston. I was thinking of something else! Was it Leoline who told you that was her lover's name?"

"No; I heard it by mere accident from another person. I am sure, if Leoline is not a personage in disguise, he is."

"And why do you think so?"

"An inward conviction, my lord. So you will not tell me who he is?"

"Have I not told you I know of no such person as Count L'Estrange? You ought to believe me, here it comes."

This last was addressed to a great drop of rain, which splashed heavily on his upturned face, followed by another and another, in quick succession.

"The storm is upon us," said the earl, sitting up and wrapping his cloak closer around him,

"and I am for Whitehall. Shall we land you, Ormiston, or take you there, too?"

"I must land," said Ormiston. "I have a pressing engagement for the next half-hour. Here it is, in a perfect deluge; the fires will be out in five minutes."

The barge touched the stairs, and Ormiston sprang out, with "good-night" to the earl. The rain was rushing along, now, in torrents, and he ran up-stairs and darted into an archway of the bridge, to seek for shelter. Some one else had come there before him, in search of the same thing; for he saw two dark figures standing within it as he entered.

"A sudden storm," was Ormiston's salutation, "and a furious one. There go the fires—hiss and splutter. I know how it would be."

"Then Saul and Mr. Ormiston are among the prophets?"

Ormiston had heard that voice before; it was associated in his mind with a slouched hat and shadowy cloak; and by the fast-fading flicker of the frelight, he saw that both were here. The speaker was Count L'Estrange, the figure beside him, slender and boyish, was unknown.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," he said, affecting ignorance. "May I ask who you are?"

"Certainly. A gentleman, by courtesy and the grace of God."

"And your name?"

"Count L'Estrange, at your service."

Ormiston lifted his cap and bowed, with a feeling, somehow, that the count was a man in authority.

"Mr. Ormiston assisted in doing a good deed to-night, for a friend of mine," said the count. "Will he add to that obligation by telling me if he has not discovered her again, and brought her back?"

"Do you refer to the fair lady in yonder house?"

"So she is there! I thought so, George," said the count, addressing himself to his companion. "Yes, I refer to her, the lady you saved from the river. You brought her there?"

"I brought her there," replied Ormiston.

"She is there still?"

"I presume so. I have heard nothing to the contrary."

"And alone?"

"She may be, now. Sir Norman Kingsley was with her when I left her," said Ormiston, administering the fact with infinite relish.

There was a moment's silence. Ormiston could not see the count's face; but, judging from his own feelings, he fancied its expression must be sweet. The wild rush of the storm alone broke the silence, until the spirit again moved the count to speak.

"By what right does Sir Norman Kingsley visit her?" he inquired, in a voice betokening not the least particle of emotion.

"By the best of rights—that of her preserver, hoping soon to be her lover."

There was another brief silence, broken again by the count, in the same composed tone: "Since the lady holds her levee so late, I, too, must have a word with her, when this deluge permits me to go abroad without danger of drowning."

"It shows symptoms of clearing off, already," said Ormiston, who, in his secret heart, thought it would be an excellent joke to bring the rivals face to face in the lady's presence; "so you will not have long to wait."

To which observation the count replied not; and the three stood in silence, watching the hurry and fury of the storm.

Gradually it cleared away; and as the moon began to struggle out between the rifts in the clouds, the count saw something by her pale light that Ormiston saw not. That latter gentleman, standing with his back to the house of Leoline, and his face toward that of La Masque, did not observe the return of Sir Norman from St. Paul's, nor look after him as he rode away. But the count did both; and ten minutes after, when the rain had entirely ceased, and the moon and stars got the better of the clouds in their struggle for supremacy, he beheld La Masque flitting like a dark shadow in the same direction, and vanishing in at Leoline's door. The same instant, Ormiston started to go.

"The storm has entirely ceased," he said, stepping out, and with the profound air of one making a new discovery, "and we are likely to have fine weather for the remainder of the night—or rather morning. Good-night, count."

"Farewell," said the count, as he and his companion came out from the shadow of the archway, and turned to follow La Masque.

Ormiston, thinking the hour of waiting had elapsed, and feeling much more interested in the coming meeting than in Leoline or her visitors, paid very little attention to his two acquaintances. He saw them, it is true, enter Leoline's house, but at the same instant, he took up his post at La Masque's doorway, and concentrated his whole attention on that piece of architecture. Every moment seemed like a week now; and before he had stood at his post five minutes, he had worked himself up into a perfect fever of impatience. Sometimes he was inclined to knock and seek La Masque in her own home; but as often the fear of a chilling rebuke paralyzed his hand when he raised it. He was so sure she was within the house, that he never thought of looking for her elsewhere; and when, at the expiration of what seemed to him a century or two, but which in reality was about a quarter of an hour, there was a soft rattle of drapery behind him, and the sweetest of voices sounded in his ear, it fairly made him bound.

"Here again, Mr. Ormiston! Is this the fifth or sixth time I've found you in this place to-night?"

"La Masque!" he cried, between joy and surprise. "But surely, I was not totally unexpected this time!"

"Perhaps not. You are waiting here for me to redeem my promise, I suppose?"

"Can you doubt it? Since I knew you first I have desired this hour, as the blind desire sight."

"Ah! And you will find it as sweet to look back upon us as you have to look forward to," said La Masque, derisively. "If you are wise for yourself, Mr. Ormiston, you will pause here, and give me back that fatal word."

"Never, madame! And surely you will not be so pitilessly cruel as to draw back now!"

"No, I have promised, and I shall perform; and let the consequences be what they may, they will rest upon your own head. You have been warned, and you still insist."

"I still insist!"

"Then let us move further over here into the shadow of the houses; this moonlight is so dreadfully bright!"

They moved on into the deep shadow, and there was a pulse throbbing in Ormiston's head and heart like the beating of a muffled drum. They paused and faced each other silently.

"Quick, madame!" cried Ormiston, hoarsely, his whole face flushed wildly.

His strange companion lifted her hand as if to remove the mask, and he saw that it shook like an aspen. She made one motion as though about to lift it, and then recoiled, as if from herself, in a sort of horror.

"My God! What is this man urging me to do! How can I ever fulfill that fatal promise?"

"Madame, you torture me!" said Ormiston, whose face showed what he felt. "You must keep your promise; so do not drive me wild waiting. Let me—"

He took a step toward her, as if to lift the mask himself, but she held out both arms to keep him off.

"No, no, no! Come not near me, Malcolm Ormiston! Fated man, since you will rush on your doom, LOOK! and let the sight blast you, if it will!"

She unfastened her mask, raised it, and with it the profusion of long, sweeping black hair. Ormiston did look—in much the same way, perhaps, that Zulinka looked at the Veiled Prophet—the next moment there was a terrible cry, and he fell headlong with a crash, as if a bullet had whizzed through his heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE INTERVIEW.

I AM not aware whether fainting was as much the fashion among the fair sex, in the days (or rather the nights) of which I have the honor to hold forth, as at the present time; but I am inclined to think not, from the simple fact that Leoline, though like John Bunyan, "grievously troubled and tossed about in her mind," did nothing of the kind. For the first few moments, she was altogether too stunned by the suddenness of the shock to cry out or make the least resistance, and was conscious of nothing but of being rapidly borne along in somebody's arms. When this h

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BY

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VIZ:

UNDER THE SURFACE;

OR,

Murder Will Out.

A ROMANCE OF PHILADELPHIA.

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Sunshine Papers.

Peculiar People.

STYLE I.

"THANK my stars, Roland, we are nearly ready at last. This going to the country is a dreadful undertaking. Yes, truly dreadful! You need not smile. You men know nothing about the crushing cares that burden a woman at such a time. Think of the driving to Stewart's, and Taylor's, and Constable's, day after day, and turning over counters full of goods, and sweltering with the heat while you select fringes and embroideries and hosiery. And then the dressmaking, and the packing! Let me see—there are fifteen trunks. Fifteen! Yes, seven Saratogas, four leathers, and four canvas-covered. Oh, yes; fifteen is correct, I know; and just think of the packing; besides there is a hamper and three satchels. And each of the servants has a trunk; that makes seventeen trunks. Pray do not forget, Roland, that the expressman is to take away seventeen trunks and the hamper. The servants can carry the satchels.

"Could I not do with less luggage? Why, Roland, what are you thinking of? Myself and two children, to stay five weeks at a place, must have something to wear. And Dottie and Pettie each wear three white dresses a day, to say nothing of other clothes that need to be changed quite as frequently. I do love to see the little darlings look fresh as roses, and more elegant than other people's."

"Dottie! you little wretch, what are you doing to that new cardinal sash? Go to Janet and get it tied immediately! Pettie, you are enough to plague the life out of a saint. Come here and see to this child; she has been playing against her father's boots and rubbed all the blacking off on those Valenciennes ruffles."

"Now I hope you see, Roland, what some of my trials are, and how many clothes it takes to keep the children decent. And you want them to look nice, I am sure. It has always been said that our children outdress any on the Park; and I mean they shall look finer than any at the hotel. I shall send all the washing home in hamper. Think what a saving that will be to you. I am very economical, you must acknowledge, Roland. It is not every wife—"

"Oh! Janet! Ann! Janet! Do either of you know whether Dottie's new Leghorn, the one that came from Madame Mode's this morning, was packed? It was! You are sure? That is such a weight off my mind. I happened to think that it might have been forgotten. Now I know that the cherubs have a hat to match every sash—that is fourteen hats and sashes apiece."

"Roland, I've put in your white smoking-jacket, and your velvet one, and— There's the expressman! Pettie, if you do not keep out of my way, I'll box your ears soundly! Seventeen trunks, Roland, and charge the man to see that they all get there as soon as we do; for the babies will have to put on fresh dresses to eat their suppers in, and I shall need a dinner toilet."

"So those are off. I do hope the carriages will not be behindhand. I like plenty of time. I cannot bear to hurry and fret. Naturally I am very calm and collected. Janet, are the

children's silver cups in the satchel? No? What a lazy, careless girl you are! How did you imagine the pets were ever going to get a drink? I should suppose you had sense enough to know that my blessed children cannot be treated like anybody's children! Go, put the cups in immediately. No, Dottie, you cannot pull off my bracelets! Now stop that squalling, or I'll put you in the street and let the ash-man cart you away. Yes, as I was saying, Roland, no one knows what a martyr I am to 'going in the country'; it is cheering, however, to know that I shall outshine every one at the hotel. Only a mother's devotion could support me through all these trials. What is the matter, Dottie? Roland, why do you not take off your watch for the darling to play with? You are not at all like me. I never think of crossing their wishes; but there is nothing like maternal love."

"Ah, here are the carriages. Janet, Ann, are you ready? Where is my vinaigrette? Go look for it, one of you; and oh, my fan, Janet! Ann, why did you not have those children fixed? Roland, pray see if my gloves are in your pocket. Oh, dear, I'm sure we shall miss the train. If only you were all like me, ready in time!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

CRUSTS.

A PERPLEXED mother asks, in some of the papers, why children will eat the soft part of the bread and leave the crust! It is a simple question and easily answered. It is because we all like easy things and reject the hard. There is no trouble in masticating a soft piece of bread, but it is somewhat hard to divide a crust with the teeth; just so it is easy for us to fall into a comfortable life, but ten times as hard to have to *work* for it.

The view from yonder mountain must be "superb" and what a grand prospect we should have if we could but reach the summit and gaze all about us; but the fatigue of climbing is too much for us; so we wish that that mountain would just come down to us. If we could walk along a smooth path and obtain the same view we might walk on, but, ascending a mountain is *work*, and so we gaze about upon its landscape but reject the idea of reaching the apex. It is too *crusty* for us.

We read of the heathen and the cannibals in foreign lands, and we pity their condition. It doesn't cost much to say "I pity them." The expense is not much more if you give money to better their condition and the gratification of seeing one's name down on a subscription list for some worthy object is exceeding great but we cannot think of penetrating into those heathen lands; so we content ourselves by saying that we do not think ourselves worthy to be a messenger of such glad tidings as we ought to carry, when the real truth of the matter is, we haven't the courage to go. If we were sure that the savages would treat us kindly, and fall into our views at once, without any trouble, we might be willing to go immediately. That is the soft part of the bread. But, the savages might devour us so much that they might literally devour us and, though pleasant to them, it wouldn't be quite so agreeable to us. That's where the hard part of the crust grates against our teeth.

Many a man would like to be a sailor and "plove the raging main" if the main would be quite so condescending and obliging as not to rage quite so much while he is busy with his nautical plow. You have probably heard of the schoolmaster who was at sea in a storm and exclaimed: "If Columbia *does* rule the waves why doesn't she rule them straighter?"

That hits the mark. We want life to be all straight lines and we don't seem to care so long as we have the straight lines, who get the crooked ones. Smooth sailing is what we desire. It amply us to have storms arise and tempests brew. They put us out a great deal. They are fearfully hard crusts to us, especially when we have planned to go to church and pray—and show off our good clothes. But, as we can not control the elements, what are we going to do about it?

It is hard to see so much suffering and misery about us, but we'll find it harder still if we don't rummage over our clothes and see if there is not some article that others need much more than we do. The rich man said he could give a thousand dollars to some object and his pocketbook wouldn't feel it.

"Give two thousand then and let your pocketbook feel it," said his friend.

That wouldn't suit many of us. We want to do good so long as we don't feel it, so long as it costs us nothing, and we have no sacrifice to undergo. The crust is too hard for us to munch and so we throw it away for others to try their teeth at.

We read a good story or novel, and we think it can be no trouble to write such things. But, it isn't quite so easy as it looks. We'd be glad of the money it would bring in, but we'd find the hard drudgery of the work too much for us. We would not like to be tied to the house, day after day, writing over reams of paper, keeping our head full of the plot and bearing in mind we have a public and a publisher to please.

You see we are not much better in *our* way than the children are in *theirs*. Our crusts are not harder to us than theirs are to them, so I don't know as we should blame the little ones when we are almost as guilty ourselves.

Yet crusts are healthful to children as our troubles and cares are to us; they strengthen us and make us more fitted to cope with the world. They prevent us from becoming petulant, peevish and cross. Crusts made into a bread pudding prove a very palatable dish and we might serve our annoyance and vexation in the same manner; by mixing them with contentment and cheerfulness and we'd not find them quite so hard to swallow.

EVE LAWLESS.

WOMAN'S ATTRACTIVENESS.

PERSONAL attractions most girls possess—at any rate in a sufficient degree to render them attractive to somebody, for although there are standards of beauty, yet these do not prevail with all persons. There is something wonderful in the difference of aspect which the same face wears to different beholders. Probably the philosophical explanation of this is that if hidden from all others becomes immediately and instinctively apparent to the eye of love. How can a moderately good-looking girl increase her attractions? By culture. She must cultivate her mind. An ignorant, illiterate woman, even if she attracts attention, cannot retain the interest of an intelligent man. She may do this by reading, by study, reflection, and by familiar conversation with the best and most highly-educated persons with whom she comes in contact. But the heart must be cultivated as well as the head. "Of all things," exclaimed a most elegant and refined gentleman, after nearly a lifetime's familiarity with the best society—"of all things give me a softness and gentleness in a woman." A harsh voice, a coarse laugh; trifles like these have suddenly spoiled many a favorable first impression. The cultivation of the heart must be

real, not feigned. A woman who studies to appear rather than to be good and generous seldom succeeds in deceiving the other sex in these respects. She who in truth seeks earnestly to promote the happiness of those around her is very apt soon to obtain admirers among men. Above all other requisites in a woman is conscientiousness. Without this one touchstone of character, no matter what her charms and accomplishments, she cannot expect to command the lasting regard of any man whose love is worth having.

Foolsap Papers.

An Unlucky Man.

SLIM JIM WHITEHORN, so called, because when he stood before you he didn't obscure the view beyond him, was a man of many accidents. Indeed, the greatest accident that ever happened him was by ever being born. He never got over that, and it lasted nearly forty years.

It was a peculiar freak of Providence that followed him on through life, and he couldn't even see into it himself, and he had more accidents than good luck; not that he ever really deserved them; he was one of the humblest and meekest of mankind; perhaps because he was always in bad luck it made him a gentle and submissive spirit. He was awfully unfortunate.

When he was a baby his mother knew by the unusual silence that ensued one day that he had fallen into a tub of water. When she got to him he had absorbed all the water in the tub, including some of the pieces in the wash. They pinned him up by the heels to let him drain, and in the course of an hour he came to.

If he had hesitated to come to then he would have saved himself a good deal of trouble. As it was, he was ever afterward troubled with water on the brain, and very little on the stomach. He ever afterward hated everything that looked like washing, or had any remote connection with it.

He was forever taking a heavy diet of pins, until he became a regular pin-cushion, and if there was one thing more than another which he liked to do it was to be continually falling down stairs and keeping his mouth in distress. He grew up from accident to accident, ranging from a scalding tea-kettle to fingers in the door. One day while at the pantry on the back of a chair reaching up to see what was in the third jar from where he began, the chair went over and he went down, taking the shelf along for company, with all that was on it. He was literally covered with preserves, which failed to preserve him from cuts and bruises which laid him up for six weeks, and then he went out with more patches on his face than he wore on his clothes.

One beautiful Sunday—oh, it was a lovely day—while he was exercising his religious instruction on skates of a new pattern, he went into an air-hole, and found there wasn't any air at all in the hole. When they got him out he was frozen so they thought there was no danger of him being a spoiled child, but they thawed him out by a red-hot stove and thus snuffed out a moral story for the Sunday-school papers.

One day a brick falling off a four-story building couldn't find a more convenient thing to light on than his head. Had it not been for the extreme thickness of his head he would have been reduced to unburned ash; as it was, he was knocked down and laid up for some weeks, and he had just as much mind afterward as he had before, so the neighbors said.

Then he put his finger on a circular saw to see how smooth it was, and didn't discover his mistake until he went to scratch his chin.

When a young man he was drawn into a threshing machine. Everybody expected to see him come out about three times tender than dead, but he was a slim young man, and came out the worst threshed fellow that ever lived, and sadly needed a new skeleton as so many bones were broken. Unfortunately he survived.

He shortly after slipped off a pitchfork and ran a load of hay in his cheek. There's a mistake somewhere. It was the load of hay which he slipped from and the pitchfork which entered his cheek. He had more cheek to the square inch than anybody in those parts.

Some time after this, at a country hotel where he stayed all night, he was attacked by musketeers, and if it had not been for the timely assistance of two or three well-tried men, would have been stabbed to death. With heroic exertion he was saved from a horrible death. He finally recovered, but was never the man he was before.

Then he ran away with a girl. The father got as close to him as he could, and then shortened the distance with a shot-gun. He got all the shot that he wanted to hunt with for a year.

He afterward married the girl, and it was one of the most terrible accidents of his life; he hardly survived it. She proved to be a terrible scold, and a most persuasive woman with a skillet in her hand, but he bore it with the most unflinching fortitude. This accident lasted him the balance of his life.

He then took a prominent part in a steamboat explosion. He went up about four hundred feet, along with boards, chicken-coops, etc., but as he had one arm blown loose from his body he could not catch hold of anything to ride on in coming down. He didn't have a life-preserver on to break his fall, nor a ladder to come down on. The consequences were that he came down in a hurried manner, and severely injured his memory.

A year after that he gave up a leg in a railroad disaster, just for the sake of having his name in the papers—so his wife told me, and after that never went out of the house with a hop, step and jump when his wife was mad.

Shortly after that he went out on the plains, and getting detached from his comrades was pursued by the Indians. Taking his pack in one hand, and his rifle in the other, he started upon a run that left the noble red-man far in the rear.

(I fear I have been led to be mistaken in the man. Slim Jim Whitehorn had only one arm and one leg, I see, upon looking back over this story, but paper is scarce, and I haven't the time to rewrite it. I will just turn it off by saying that the mistake is altogether owing to the printers. Everybody else does this.)

Of course all the connections expected to see this relative killed sooner or later. He had got into such a habit of getting hurt that he couldn't help it. It was a regular mania with him. The last I heard of him he had gone to town for some dynamite to kill a rat which he had captured. He had a bottle with him that had a cork in that was too loose. It came out very often on the road home. He sat down on the valise a little too hard, and all that was found of him was the spot where it occurred. He stuck to his bad luck to the last. He couldn't help it. His wife and a new husband are his only survivors.

Accidentally yours,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—The Texas Legislature recently passed a bill which makes it a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of \$100, for a person to use profane language within the hearing of any private dwelling. The Norristown Herald says that a man's mule got bawly in a Texas town the other day, and the man got angry. The beast would start off suddenly, run about twenty yards, and then stop about fifteen minutes to survey the neighborhood, and before the man got out of town he owed the authorities \$80.00.

—And, speaking of Texas, we have glorious news from there of good crops and full larders for the ensuing year. The Marshall Herald is the authority. "This is the year of jubilee with the Texas farmers. Nothing like the great crops on hand throughout the State have ever been known. We have been in Texas for thirty years, and it is the only universally fine crop year we have ever heard of. Judging from the accounts in our Texas exchanges, the crops are good everywhere. Splendid wheat crops, corn so plentiful that farmers do not know what to do with it, and cotton promising a large yield. This is the year of promise and thankfulness. Heaven has poured out upon the earth its richest bounty, and it is appropriate that man should look with gratitude to the Great Source of this timely and beneficent dispensation." While we here, at the East, are suffering from drouth and destroyed crops, it is a comfort indeed to hear of abundant yield elsewhere. Happy Texas! May she profit and prosper in her plenty!

—Mrs. Scott Siddons is now in Sydney, New South Wales, whence she writes to a friend in San Francisco, as follows: "Our prospects here are very flattering. My husband's old friends are lavish of their kindness and attention. I make my debut here on May 13. A remarkably handsome Fiji Islander took a great admiration for me, and wanted to buy me of my present lord and master. He was willing to give six bunches of bananas in exchange."

—A new method of preparing coffee is becoming popular in France. After roasting, the coffee is ground to a very fine flour, which is then slightly moistened, mixed with twice its weight of powdered sugar, and pressed into tablets. These prepared in this manner is claimed, pound for pound, to be susceptible of far more complete utilization. Any thing for a change in the beverage served out at the majority of our eating houses and hotels. If the new method, however, insists that coffee must be made of coffee, we will never be popular with our restaurant keepers.

—The idea of dens of wolves yet existing in the well settled States is rather startling. But that such is true of Michigan we have the evidence of a story told by a Detroit paper to the effect that a real wolf den was unearthed in Hillsdale county by a Mr. Chestnut—a farmer. Hearing of the den, he proceeded to the spot whence the sound came and whistled, and five or six young wolves ran yelping toward him. He shot and killed one wolf and wounded another. Dobbs Island, where Chestnut found these wolves, is a piece of solid ground in the midst of a large marsh. After killing the wolf Chestnut made an examination of the island and discovered their den in the ground. The next day he visited the den in company with some of his neighbors, and they dug out three more young black wolves which they caught alive. They are from six to eight months old. One old wolf had been killed within a few miles of the place where these were discovered.

"I've got it to go through and I might just as well brace up ag'in it as not," said Harry Johnson, a murderer, on the night before he was hanged in Paris, Ill., "but it is an awful thing—awful. You nor no one else can have any idea as to sit here as I am sittin' to-night, lookin' in' out through these bars, knowin' that to-morrow will bring the end uv it all to me, is kinder benumbin' me. I can't just realize how it is. It seems to me all the time I wuz going to try some experiment to-morrow. To-night I'm breathin' the what I call the 'bein' to-morrow,' while the world is still a goin' on around me, the air free's ever, the people laughin' and joyous's ever, the whole course o' natur agoin' on, I'm to stop, like a machine; when my weight gets to the end o' the rope I'll stop like a run down clock. It seems kinder strange to me, an' I feel like I'd gone over it so long in my mind that I'll order know all about it."

—The Gold Hill (Nevada) News relates this incident: "In one of the sulphur mines near Steamboat Springs a number of Chinamen are employed. The mine is situated at the foot of a hill about a mile from Steamboat. Two perpendicular cuts are made into the hill, so that they converge at a given point. These are made for ventilation, and are kept open to permit the heat to escape. At the end of these cuts they have a face twenty feet high. The sulphur begins within seven feet of the top, and continuing down the layers all the way down, intersecting with sand and other formations. At this point the heat is very great. The other day, while working, one of the Chinamen struck his pick through into a fissure, when a column of blue flame shot up to the distance of thirty feet, and the atmosphere with a villainous stench, and making it so terribly hot that the Mongolian, dropping his pick, rushed from the place, followed by his frightened companions. It was some time before they could be induced to resume their work. Shouldn't wonder. Why should 'John' take to hot sulphur and the burning pit any more than an orthodox white man?"

—The latest Detroit Free Press story is of a raw-boned, spavined, knock-kneed old horse that limped along, smelling of hitching-posts and nibbling at the street-car track. Three blocks behind him was a man with a rope halter, who was inquiring if anybody had seen a stray horse. The horse gentleman, what for he asked, they did not see some bars of soap. The clerk ran out with a broomstick, and in trying to dodge a blow the horse fell over, struck a basket full of eggs, and a great quantity of crockery, and the crash was terrific. He didn't make an effort to get up, and just as the clerk's yell had gathered the crowd the man with the rope halter came up. It was his horse, and \$10 wouldn't pay the damage. "Here's the man who owns the horse!" shouted the clerk. "No I don't!" was the calm reply. "Then what are you doing with that halter?" yelled a policeman. "I'm going to lead him!" was the ready answer. The clerk tried to detain him, but he jumped into a wood-yard and escaped, calling out as he went over the fence: "Gentlemen, these are mighty curious times when a man can't take a halter on his back and go off after a few bars!"

—One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the fortunes of the signers of the Declaration of Independence was the tranquillity in which their later lives were passed, and the late period to which they were protracted. Most of them lived to a good old age, crowned with civil honors, bestowed by the gratitude of the republic, and some of them perished by mere decay of the powers of nature. Of the fifty-six who affixed their signatures to that document, twenty-seven lived to an age exceeding seventy, and forty-one to an age exceeding sixty. Only two of the whole number, Gwinnet, of Georgia, who fell in a duel in his 45th year, and Lynch, of South Carolina, who was shipwrecked in his 60th, died a violent death. Twenty-one lived to the beginning of the present century, and three were permitted to see the great experiment of a representative confederacy confirmed by the events of fifty years. Of all the delegates from New York and New England, only one, Whipple, of New Hampshire, died at an earlier age than sixty. Never in the world had the leaders in any bold and grand political movement more reason to congratulate themselves and their country on its issue. The exertions and perils of their manhood were succeeded by a peaceful, honored, and ripe old age, in which they witnessed the happy result of the institutions they had aided in devising, and they were gathered to their graves amid the regrets of the generation which was in its cradle when they laid the foundations of the republic.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined—"Oh, the Mourners"; "My Maria"; "Love's Light"; "How Bell Got a Husband"; "A Tale of an Umbrella"; "Dreaming"; "How Luna Found Her Love."

Accepted—"My Thought"; "A Summer Sea"; "Gretchen's Lover"; "Incentive"; "Bagging an Express Train"; "The Dispatcher's Story"; "Song for a Wren"; "Love's Art"; "Lost Days"; "In Summer Time."

"Due 6c."; "due 9c."; "due 12c."—are frequent admonitions on packages and letters from correspondents—a small thing to the correspondent, but, in the aggregate, much to the publisher. If we prefer to let such underpaid inclosures pass to the Dead Letter Office, careless authors only are to blame. It is to be *urged* under the proposed new postal law, for then all delinquent postage is to be doubled in amount—in which case publishers, of course, will refuse every underpaid remittance. Authors must govern themselves accordingly.

SUBSCRIBER, Tigerville, Mo. Sir. We do not give the "drawings." The new U. S. law will soon squelch all lotteries—much to the country's good. Beware of all "prize" schemes.

OPERATOR. The Pocket Telegraph machine is a simple affair which really is but a signal, making a sharp metallic sound which is heard and read only by those who understand the sound language. Senders in toys or sporting goods supply them.

SAM'S SON. The sprain should have *rest*—perfect rest, if possible. Use this lotion: One beef's gall; two ounces of origanum oil; one pint alcohol; mix thoroughly; keep tightly corked; shake well before using.

MINTY E. See answer last week to L. E. N. Telescopes are regulated by power, viz.: 10, 25, 32, 50, 75, 100, 125, 145 times magnified, costing respectively, \$4, 10, 25, 60, 80, 125 and \$200. Lenses and instruments have two or more eye-pieces, for different ranges.

YOUNG SCHOOLMA'AM. The States now number thirty-eight. The original thirteen, all were the Atlantic seaboard States. Vermont was not one of them. The Gulf States were not settled in 1776, to any great degree—save Louisiana, which was then foreign territory. We purchased the Florida territory in 1803. Florida was Spanish territory until 1820, when we purchased it.

CALIFORNIA DETROITITE. The Wilson hair lotion is—pure cologne, 2 ounces; castoreum camphor, 2 drachms; oil of rosemary and oil of lavender, each, 10 drops. Mix and rub well into the hair once or twice a week. The U. S. Dispensary should give the recipe to every cruder one.

CHARLES O'MALLEY. Your voice is *changing* from treble to bass. Don't use it much, nor try to sing. A nice complexion is secured by keeping the face from the sun and wind, and occasionally in bran-water. A clear skin can only be obtained by a perfect state of good health and cleanliness. Your writing is excellent.

PARALLEL BARS. A "healthy diet" is most hard to indicate. Eat of fresh fruit, fresh vegetables and fresh meat, and drink fresh milk. A *brutal* diet is not good living diet, by any means. If you are young and growing, live in a generous, healthy way, and beware of too much gymnastic exercise. Over-exercise has ruined many a young man's physical energies for life.

YOUNG TYPO, Bl. usville. A man must be a clean self to get a "stand" in the newspaper game. A big city—that is, if he stand on his merits. Eight hours' composition are guaranteed to every man in New York city offices, and this enables the average comp. to earn about \$4.50 a night. "What type can be set fastest?" is a question which does not admit of a decided answer. "Fat" type is most popular, no matter how very crude it is.

E. D. W. We have, once or twice, given recipes for staining wood to imitate walnut, chestnut, etc., though we cannot now refer to the numbers. There is a little text for staining wood, and a great deal of business which it would be well to obtain. Any good news-dealer will order it for you.

SELA W. We have to say *declined* to your little love sketch. It is conceived in the proper spirit, but it is so young and so naive, and so full of composition steadily, patiently for years. It is only the best authors have won their places. Those who will not do all these things are sure to drop out of sight. Can't you, for a living, get a place in the household of some intelligent lady, who will, for your help, aid you in your studies? Try.

MAMIE GORHAM, asks: "Will you confer a favor upon several of us girls by informing us if there is any way in which we can keep our crimps from coming out in hot water, and thus ruin our pleasure. Apply the following bandage before putting the hair in papers or on irons: A quarter of an ounce of gum-tragacanth, one pint of rose-water, five drops of glycerine, mix and let stand over night. If the tragacanth is not dissolved, let it be half a day longer; if too thick, add more rose-water, and let it be for some time. When it is a smooth solution, nearly as thin as glycerine, it is fit to use. This is also excellent for making the hair curl. Moisten a lock of hair with it, not too wet, and brush round it a warm comb, or put it up in papillotes. If the curls come out harsh and stiff, brush it round a cold iron or curling-stick."

FANNIE and JENNIE, write: "One evening we had seen out on an errand, and returning, we were followed by two young men, who finally addressed us. One of these young fellows we knew quite well; he had often been our guest at socials and parties; but it was odd how he seemed to change, and we, until we called him by name, though he afterward insisted that he did. They then accompanied us home, and, after a short time, they immediately accepted the invitation to walk in and take a seat upon the lawn. They did not offer the slightest apology for their conduct in the early part of the evening, and we were glad if it was not their duty to do so, and if we acted right. The young man certainly owed us an apology for following us, for it was not our fault. When it was an exceedingly rudeness for them to act as they did. If they, as you believe, did not know you, their conduct was an insult. And after such exhibition of rude or insulting manners, you should have indignantly refused them as escorts, nor so have put yourselves upon the level their treatment of you suggested, as to have given them the entire of your house."

VIOLET says: "I saw in your paper that lunar caustic would remove moles. About how long a time will it take before they disappear entirely? What is the price of the caustic? Can it be used to move freckles without injury to the skin? How can you make your teeth become very white? When a young lady is introduced to a person, lady or gentleman, what should she say? How can the skin be made white and free from pimples? Is there a way to make the eyebrows become dark and thick? You should, of course, rub the skin steadily, with great care, but repeatedly, until they disappear. Any druggist will tell you the price of the caustic; you need but a small quantity, and it is well to have the application made under the supervision of a physician. To remove freckles, take finely-powdered nitre (saltpetre), and apply it to the freckles by the means of a brush, with water and dipped in the powder. When perfectly dry, and judiciously repeated, it will remove them effectually, without trouble. If you would have fine white teeth, after every meal, pass a soft cloth of white sewing-silk between them, and rinse with tepid water. For a dentifrice use the powdered chalk that is sold by all druggists. Chalk used faithfully, keeps the teeth perfectly white. When introduced, say, 'I am happy to make Miss Smith's acquaintance, or any pleasant remark that will put the lady or gentleman at ease. Tell the fairness and smoothness of the skin depend largely upon the state of your health and cleanliness of your habits. You should avoid eating fats and pastries, and live upon simple food, such as grain food, vegetables, and plenty of fresh fruit. Baths often, and get plenty of fresh air, sunshine, and exercise. The best cosmetic for making the skin soft and white, you can get at a druggist's, at small cost. Buy a pint of pure olive or almond oil and a spoonful of the best lard. Mix together in a tin cup set in boiling water. Stir till smooth, putting more oil if the compound is too thick to run easily. Rub this on the face when going to bed, and lay bits of soft cloth on, to keep the lard from rubbing off, and throw old sheets over the pillows. This washes off easily with warm water and soap. The skin, after several applications, is soft, moist, and delicately tinted. It also effects wrinkles by softening and refining the skin. If pimples appear, nothing is better than bathing with a dilution of carbolic acid—one teaspoonful of the common acid to a pint of rose-water. While following these directions, try daily bathing, or rather scrubbing with soap and hot water, followed by a cold dip, and take a few doses of salts, to clear the blood. These directions, followed faithfully, will improve your health and beautify you astonishingly. Now about the eyebrows and eyelashes. Occasionally some friend, with fine, sharp scissors, should delicately trim them for you. Five grains of sulphate of quinine in an ounce of alcohol, lightly applied with a tiny hair brush to the brows, will make them thick; while, for the lashes, use five grains of the sulphate in an ounce of sweet almond-oil, put on the roots of the lashes with a soft pencil."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

SONG FOR A WEARY HOUR.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

So that Love is satisfied,
What though all the world beside
Scatter frowns?
All the world beside is Hate;
Hate can never consecrate
Golden crowns
Which upon white foreheads rest,
Hinting more than is confessed,
Showing how true love is blest.

So that He is glorified
By thy work, oh, soul so tried!
Falter not;
He will lead you to the end;
He will ever richly send
Love for you to hold, and spend
Where forgot
Is the song of Him who gave
Life and love that He might have
Men from doom beyond the grave.

So that Life is sanctified
Through His grace, and magnified,
Work each day;
Let thy lips no murmur dole;
Strong as waves advance may roll,
Just beyond thee lies the goal!
Work and pray,
That, when sets thy earthly sun,
Hearing those sweet words: "Well done!"

The Men of '76.

MARION.

The Swamp Fox.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

FRANCIS MARION came of Huguenot parentage. When the Huguenots fled from France, in the year 1685, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew's eve, numbers of them settled in South Carolina, and from that excellent stock sprung some of the country's most admirable families.

Francis was one of the seven children of Gabriel Marion and Charlotte Cordes, whose parents were Huguenot exiles. He was the youngest of the flock, born at Winyah, near Georgetown, S. C., in the year 1732. Through all his youth he was so small in body as to excite fears for his early death, but at twelve he began to mend, and though always "under size" in stature he developed in his young manhood those powers of endurance that made him the almost tireless rider and unconquerable spirit of the Revolution. At fifteen Marion's spirit of adventure led him to ship on a little schooner in the West India trade. This vessel sprung a leak at sea and soon foundered. The crew hurried to the small boat with no provisions or water whatever, and for six days suffered, under a burning sun, such terrible tortures that four of the party died. Marion, happily for his country, survived, and that hard experience cured his taste for the sea. He was content on the plantation, and there remained a patient worker until the Cherokee war of 1760 called him to the public service. He was in the severe battle of Etohee, of that year, in which the English, regulars and the Colonial volunteers were but half-successful, leaving the Indians ready for war in 1761, when Colonel Grant and Middleton led the force sent against their towns. At the second battle of Etohee Marion, as lieutenant of volunteers in the company of Captain Moultrie, led the forlorn hope into the pass, on whose thickly-wooded sides the watchful savages were well ambushed in all their strength. Marion's advance developed their positions, and in the sanguinary battle that followed every man seemed a hero. Marion's wonderful courage commanded attention. Out of the thirty men whom he led into the file twenty-one fell at the first fire! These were the first offerings only of that red field. From ten until two o'clock, on that 7th day of June, the contest raged on that one spot. Then the regulars went in with the bayonet, and the savages leaping from tree to tree before that relentless charge, were cut off, one by one, by the deadly rifles of the provincials. The pass was won, and the Cherokee villages were soon all in flames, their corn-fields laid waste, their orchards ruined. It was an awful punishment, at which Marion's kindly heart shuddered. In a letter to Weems, his biographer, he drew a pathetic picture of the devastation wrought, and pictured the little Indian children "peeping through the weeds with tearful eyes," to mark the ghastly ruin poured over their homes and happy fields where they had so often played. "Who did this? they will ask their mothers. 'The white people did it,' the mothers reply; 'the Christians did it!'"

It was a deplorable but necessary visitation. The fierce spirit of the savage was utterly broken by it, and the South Carolina border thereafter had peace. The same work was wrought by Sullivan in his invasion of the Six Nations' country (1779) around the New York lakes, in retaliation for their shocking atrocities on the Northern frontier; and also by Wayne, in his celebrated campaign in the Ohio (Miami) country, (1794)—most unchristian but very effective methods of punishment of the implacable red-man.

Marion returned to his farm again, after this arduous summer campaign, and there remained—growing daily in the regards of the people for his amiable character and interest in the welfare of the colony. He was sent, by his constituents in Berkeley county, to the Provincial Congress, called in 1775, to consider the great questions of the hour. That Congress spoke with no uncertain sound. It was patriotic to the echo. While the great colonies of New York and Pennsylvania wavered and sought for compromise, South Carolina, by her Bill of Rights and other acts, gave glorious proof of her readiness for the struggle for Liberty. The public armory at Charleston, by order of that Congress, was broken open and its arms and munitions withdrawn for use, in the hands of patriots; the powder at Hobau was seized; the arms at Cochran's magazine secured; committees of safety and correspondence established, and the organization of two regiments ordered. Of one, Moultrie, Marion's old captain, was made Colonel, when, answering to Moultrie's wish, Marion, and the gallant Peter Horry—afterward to become so noted in the field—were invited to take Captain's commands. They both assented, and soon recruited their sixty men each—many of them drawn from the best families in the colony.

Moultrie's first duties in Charleston harbor were already have described. In the execution Marion's company actively participated. He was soon made Major of the regiment, and as such participated in the glorious defense of the fort on Sullivan's island (June 20th, 1776)—afterward very properly named Fort Moultrie. During this defense, and in the midst of the bombardment, Moultrie's supply of powder having run out, Marion, under heavy fire, with a small party, proceeded to the schooner *Defiance* and brought safely into the fort a supply that set the guns all at work again. It is related that Marion's own eye sighted the last gun fired at the retreating fleet. The ball entering the cabin window of the British fifty-gun ship cut clear through her, from stem to stern, com-

ing out at her bows and making dreadful havoc. It was called "Marion's good-by shot."

This victory freed South Carolina from British presence for three years. The regiments were kept in active duty watching the enemy in Savannah, the Indians on the border, and the Tories at home. These Tories were thickly scattered over all the State and gave the patriots great trouble by their ceaseless acts of hostility and treachery, and their almost constant communication with the enemy. When Lincoln advanced against Savannah, to support D'Estaing [see sketches of Lincoln and Pulaski] Marion's regiment fully participated in the siege and bloody assault. At the subsequent siege of Charleston, by Sir Henry Clinton (Feb., 1780) Marion was, fortunately for himself, on the sick list, and when the siege commenced he was sent home for cure. He thus escaped to become the partisan leader, to fight for the despising liberties of his State when British insolence was supreme and Tories glutted their vengeance on the homes, families and persons of the patriots by every species of brutal persecution and outrage. Murder, maraud, the incendiary torch, robbery, violence, everywhere prevailed. Tarleton and Wemyss rode with their fierce dragoons backward and forth, destruction marking their course. The timid were, by such terrible usage, driven to take out a "protection" by first swearing allegiance to the British crown; the unyielding were seized as prisoners and borne to a miserable captivity in Charleston dungeons. Their wives and daughters were shockingly insulted and their estates devastated. Even the stout-hearted Horry despaired, but Marion, with clearer vision, saw that such monstrous wrong would rouse that spirit of retaliation and animosity against British rule which alone could save the State.

Proceeding with Horry to Gates' command at Camden with the brave and prudent De Kalb, he most earnestly protested against their accepting general battle with Cornwallis, but Gates, with almost insane impetuosity, accepted battle and was ruined (Aug. 16th, 1780.) Another fine army was scattered by that blow, and both the Carolinas literally lay at the feet of the conqueror.

Marion escaped—having been dispatched by Gates to destroy all boats on the Santee river to prevent Cornwallis' retreat!

Returning to his people, in four days' time he was drilling a little band of unflinching hearts, at Linch's creek. He then began to organize, for the only species of war possible, a mounted guerrilla force. Governor Rutledge, of South Carolina, never wavering in his faith in the cause, commissioned Marion a Brigadier and assigned all that section of the State to his command. While Sumter, "the Game Cock," operated with a similar brigade of irregulars in the "upper country," among the hills [see sketch of Sumter], the "Swamp Fox"—as Tarleton soon nicknamed the little general—haunted the morasses of the Pedee and Black rivers, occasionally passing the Santee to cut off detachments and discharges between Charleston and Camden.

Marion's "brigade" grew rapidly. Patriots, finding a rallying point, rode in from all quarters—old men and young, from every walk of life—all inspired by desperation, and incited to hate by the outrages they had witnessed or endured. The spirit of Marion's calm courage pervaded the ranks. Saws were turned into sabers by willing blacksmiths; rifles were in the hands of all, but pistols were only for the few; and, seeking the fastnesses of the morasses, the brigade soon began its work of redeeming the State.

The enemy were amazed. Where he thought to find abject submission, suddenly arose a foe whose strokes no "regular" procedure could avert. Lying in the swamps by day, at night the brigade would sally forth, to deal a terrible blow at some British detachment or post, cut it to pieces, scatter and dissolve as a brigade in order to avoid pursuit, return singly or in small squads to the swamp rendezvous, to be ready for another sally the next night, or to ride fifty miles away to another swamp lair, under cover of the night, and thus utterly distrust and weaken the oppressor. Caution became second nature; endurance was sometimes tasked to the utmost; obedience to Marion's orders was implicit, and faith in his leadership perfect.

A record of the exploits and achievements of Marion's men would fill out many a column. To Tories they soon grew to be an especial terror, for, stung to revenge by the insults and injuries heaped upon patriots by these detestable "loyalists," the men of the brigade made short work of them when they swooped down on a Tory covert or British camp. Then the keen swords fashioned out of saws were sure to cut the wretch through to the breast. After Marion's men had passed many a headless corpse lined the way.

Of course this wild life was one of incessant danger, privation and toil. The general fared only as the troopers of his command. The best repast was hog and hominy; often sweet potatoes was the only food; tea and coffee were unknown; beef was a luxury rarely enjoyed. The march and onslaught usually were by night. The camp was in some swamp island, access to which could only be obtained by a guide, through slough, stream and jungle. If the rendezvous was discovered, through too close pursuit, or by betrayal of some stealthy spy—and the whole country was infested with these human vermin earning British gold by betraying the country—the rude camp would be suddenly abandoned. Another retreat, long before chosen by some vigilant swamp scout, or indicated by the faithful negro slave, who seemed by instinct to know where were the best hiding-places, would give the brigade temporary security and afford a new base of operations. Friends as well as foes he found, everywhere. Many a man, indeed, who, to watchful, suspicious eyes appeared to be an honest farmer and neutral, would at dusk disappear, either to ride with the brigade on some dashing onslaught, or to bear news to Marion of the enemy's movements and whereabouts. It was these informants who often told the night-riders when and where to strike, and how to avoid Marion's most vigilant enemy—Tarleton.

This daring cavalierman was pitted against the "wild brigade." He resorted to stratagem when pursuit failed, to draw his adversary out, and finally nearly succeeded, and was hot on "the Fox's" heels, when Cornwallis called him off to attend to Sumter, whose almost desperate exploits were giving the lord both anxiety for his posts and work for his hard-pressed dragoons.

When Greene appeared before Camden, to try to save the South, and restore what Gates had lost, Marion and Sumter were ready to co-operate. Harry Lee was sent to reinforce Marion, and together they made a dash on Fort Watson, capturing that post, much to Lord Rawdon's chagrin. The menacing attitude of Greene on his front, and of Marion on his flank, compelled Rawdon to abandon Camden, after burning an immense amount of his own property and stores, and leaving the town, (May 10th, 1781,) in flames as he passed

out. Then his posts began to fall. Marion and Lee, watchful as hawks, pounced down on Fort Mott, between Camden and Ninety-six, and captured it, and Greene, now well equipped with arms, guns and ammunition from the captured forts, laid siege (May 22d) to the powerful post of Ninety-six, garrisoned by "royalists" from New Jersey and New York—Col. Cruger. Rawdon tried to save it. It was a brilliant game of chess—Lee, Marion, Sumter and Pickens, with their brigades "on the fly," Rawdon steadily moving on; Greene, not strong enough to stand a stroke, made a hurried dash at the fortress, then retired to Bush River; Rawdon pursued, but gave up and became the pursued. Greene's detachments closing in upon him at Orangeburg, (July 10th,) offered fight; Rawdon wouldn't venture, and ordered forward Col. Cruger, with 1,100 fresh men; Greene then, in turn, retired—his men literally used up by campaigning under that July sun.

But while resting his infantry, Greene ordered Sumter, Marion, Lee and the Hamptons to carry the war up to the very gates of Charleston, then to reunite with the main command on the high hills of Santee. These orders were followed by a series of bewilderingly brilliant movements and exploits, in which Marion's brigade suffered severe losses.

Marion, strengthened by Col. Washington's fine dragoons, soon held all the lower Santee, and Greene, though not reinforced, resolved to strike the enemy's strong camp beyond the Wateree. Sumter, now the British commander, abandoned the camp and took position near Eutaw Springs. Greene pursued. Marion came up, and by Sept. 7th the movement against Sumter commenced. Sept. 8th the bloody and memorable battle of Eutaw was fought—ending in Sumter's partial defeat and retreat, with very heavy losses. Greene vainly begged for men enough to drive the enemy wholly within Charleston, but Washington, then moving for the greater game of bagging Cornwallis, had no men to spare for lesser work; so Marion's brigade could only wait and watch. They were ever on the alert, and gave the enemy no peace. Slowly the British retired toward Charleston, and when Cornwallis fell into Washington's hands, at Yorktown, the enemy closed into Charleston, to await the final sequel of peace. When Greene marched into the city, so long in the enemy's possession, and the scene of so much that is sad for patriots to recall, Marion was in that cavalcade of defenders—the main, next to Moultrie, of all that host, most beloved by the people. His work was done—his State was thenceforth free.

The great length of our sketch forbids us to dwell minutely upon his after most useful and honorable life. Retiring from the field, at the close of the war, he did not cease to serve the State. He continued to hold his militia commission, and by frequent "trainings" kept alive the martial spirit. He also represented his parish in the State Senate, and sat in the convention of 1790 for forming a State Constitution. In all these various services he well discharged his duty. His death occurred Feb. 27th, 1795. The State which he had so honored and served failed to mark his resting place by a proper monument, and a modest stone tomb, erected by a private citizen, over his remains in the family homestead burial place, is all that indicates where the great partisan sleeps.

Black Eyes and Blue;

OR,

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity.

A TALE OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

A VERY BRIGHT BUDDLE.

"I WOULD like to know your intentions," repeated Redmond Rhodes, in a voice which sounded greatly like a threat. "If you love and intend to marry this young lady, I am your friend, and will go with you at once, as I said, to the rectory."

"I cannot obtain a license at this late hour," Mr. Rhodes, was the answer, in a hoarse voice. "It will not be necessary. A marriage, before witnesses, in this State, is a legal marriage. I will see you safely through the affair."

Thinking that Harold was about to yield to his demand, Redmond's stern tones grew gentler; there thrilled through them a vibration of sadness caught by the quick ears of the girl. Even in that supreme moment of love, fear, suspense, agitation, she shot a velvety glance at the man who was so nobly caring for her best welfare, and thought, with triumph, that he, too, had been chained to her chariot wheels. Yes, even at that moment, deep as was her infatuation with Fraser, Harold—perfect, beyond all imagined perfection, as he was in her eyes—there darted through the busy brain of the beautiful coquette the idea that, if she lost him whom she preferred to all others, she would not be without the chance of a husband, and a splendid one!

Perhaps it was this consciousness which prevented her fainting from the excess of her emotions; for, to a vain woman, the flitting of a man's love, even though she be entirely indifferent to him, is incense so exalting as to enable her to endure much.

Finally Harold reached out and took one of the little hands extended to him, saying in that soft, low, passion-fraught voice which he knew so well how to use:

"My love, surely I do not need to assure you of my intentions! If you do not trust me fully, unservedly, then your love for me is not what I thought it was. My friend Rhodes means well. But he is hurrying us in rather a peremptory manner. Do you think, my darling, that I ought to be hastened—without any preparation, or even consulting my parents—to enter a marriage? I leave it to you. You shall decide for both of us."

A deep flush passed over the dark, spirited face of the girl. It was cruel of Fraser, circumstanced as she was—to force the decision as to how he should act in a dilemma of this kind, upon her!

She knew that he wanted her to refuse for him Mr. Rhodes' settlement of their difficulties—and yet, what, what could she do? Go back under the roof of this strange gentleman, who had not even a sister to give her countenance?—while Fraser had sisters and a mother to whom he could take her if he would! A look of desperation passed over her beautiful face.

"Kill me, Fraser," she murmured, dropping pitifully before him. "If you do not want me, nobody wants me!—I am out of place in the world."

friends. Now, look at her, and take your choice."

As he spoke the bells of the city pealed ten o'clock.

"Oh, Fraser, do not forsake me!" pleaded Florence.

"I cannot give you up, the devil knows," was his half-anxious response. "You have twisted your threads about me until you have me a prisoner. Well, what will you have? You are infernally pretty and taking; but not just the lady I would have chosen for the wife of a Har- old. Never mind that, now. The mischief is done. My friend here is a man of honor, and he tells me I ought to marry you. It may be so. I yield to his superior wisdom—and my wife's charm! In return—my Lady Harold, and you, Mr. Rhodes!—will it be too much if I exact a promise that our marriage shall be kept a secret between us three and the clergyman for a few weeks?—only a few weeks. You will consider, friend Rhodes, that my father is in a critical condition and that any sudden shock—especially if an unpleasant one—may finish him. On that account, and some others important only to myself, I would exact a promise that this wild and hurried marriage be kept secret for the present. Do you agree?"

"I agree to anything, dear Fraser," murmured Florence.

Redmond Rhodes did not yield his answer so readily; but, after some reflection, he replied: "I will promise to keep the secret until, in my judgment, your father is in fit condition to be informed of it—no longer. Should he die, I shall be at liberty to promulgate it as soon after his death as I think proper. And I trust you will not be ashamed of this little girl, friend Fraser; and that you will treat her as she deserves to be treated, and as a good husband ought to treat his honored and beloved wife."

"You are a preacher born, Redmond Rhodes! I only wonder you never took to the robes," cried Harold, gayly, and he offered his arm to the trembling girl with all his customary graceful *empressment*—the decision having been reached, his spirits rose—no more doubt or embarrassment now! If the little one was determined to marry him, and his best friend determined that she should, why! they must take the consequences! He did not intend to be responsible for anybody's sufferings or pleasure but his own. It would be heavenly, for a time, to live with and love this glorious, fairy creature, whose eyes were made of dark and dew, with molten diamonds flashing through; whose lips were sweeter than the sweets of flower-buds in June's languorous heats.

"What shall we do? Where shall we go? Lead on, Macduff!"

"Perhaps, since you enjoin secrecy"—Redmond's grave tones were in strong contrast to the gaiety of his neighbor's—"it will be best for you to come over into my house. I can send a note to Dr. Brown; he will come at my request, and the ceremony can be performed—with closed doors—in my library."

"Good!" assented Fraser, "the arrangement could not be improved upon."

"Then, come at once, or the note will find the rector in his bed."

Mr. Rhodes led the way, and the three crossed over and entered his door, the maiden now clinging silently and timidly to her lover's arm. No one, except James, who had accompanied his master home, saw the little party enter the house; they slipped into the library, closing and locking the door.

"I will give you a letter to take to the rectory for me, in a moment, James," said Mr. Rhodes. "If Mrs. Plimpton wants to know if I have any orders, tell her no—that she can retire at once."

Very soon the important note was written and dispatched; and then the writer stole a covert look at the lovers. Both seemed a little pale and *distrait*, but Fraser was the most so.

"Mr. Rhodes," asked the bride-to-be, "how long will it be before the arrival of—of—the clergyman?"

"Twenty minutes, perhaps."

"Then, may I run up-stairs and change my dress? This is a black one, and I would not like to be married in black."

"Quite right. But do not keep us waiting."

In just twenty minutes Florence came down. The housekeeper was in her room—Florence heard her there—and James had not returned; so she reached the library without an eye observing her.

Both gentlemen started when the lovely, poetic vision floated into the room. In all the haste of her dressing Florence had had time to think over the situation—and to approve of it. Her superb eyes shone with unwonted light; her dark cheeks glowed like the sunny side of velvet peaches; a smile, or a light that was scarcely a smile, but much more luminous, irradiated the vivid face, making the delicate, perfect features fairly startling in their beauty.

A long-trailing robe of some airiest white texture floated about her *petite* figure; there were white roses in her purple-black hair and on her bosom, where glittered the only ornament she wore—a diamond locket which Fraser had given her.

She was going to be Fraser's wife—Fraser, so proud, so careless, the prince of men! Fraser, whom she adored as the child adores the moon for which it cries! She was going to be his wife—the sharer of his glory, his wealth; the future intimate of his haughty sisters.

All was well with her. How soon the pictures of her imagination had become splendid realities! Ah! what a fairy-world this was! How full of delight!—nothing to do but enjoy one's self beyond her wildest dreams! And oh—oh—oh! how she loved her prince! How happy, how happy they would be, all their days, in each other's society.

And so, with a last fond look at her flattering mirror, she had floated like a white thistle-down over the stairs and glided into the room where her lover awaited her, cheeks glowing, eyes shining, feet hardly touching the floor.

"By Jove! my beautiful! you are worth making some sacrifice for!" whispered Fraser, who had been biting his mustache in ill-concealed vexation and trepidation, and had not once spoken to his host during her absence; and he folded the charming vision to his heart, quite satisfied, under the stimulus of her lovely smile and blush, he had been hurried into a wedding against his will.

A mist came over Redmond Rhodes' eyes; he turned abruptly, affecting to look for a prayer-book on the shelves; the hall-door opened and closed, and Mr. Rhodes hurried out to meet the clergyman and assure him that all was right between the parties, and that it was because of the father's critical condition that he was so willing to rely. And if the rector had wondered to hear that the incorrigible, the conscienceless Mr. Fraser Harold, was caught at last, and in the way of being toned down into

a quiet married man, he wondered no longer after he had seen the bride.

In all the ultra-fashionable weddings at which he had figured for so many years, not once had such a perfect embodiment of girlish beauty appeared before him as in the little lady who took her place by her lover's side—a creature so bright, so glad, so enchantingly pretty that the sober clergyman could not sufficiently admire her.

In a magically brief time little Florence Goldsborough found herself Mrs. Fraser Harold!

"Ah, if the stupid people of Lycurgus could know it!" she thought, in her triumph; but this last drop in the sweet wine of her success was not to be added just then; and she signed a record with a trembling little hand, and had her marriage certificate given to her by the clergyman, who charged her, smilingly, to take good care of it, accepted the gold which Fraser pressed upon him, wished them joy, and vanished from the scene.

"And now, friend Redmond, since you have done so much, you will not refuse to my wife the shelter of Mrs. Plimpton's wing for another night?" asked Harold, rising to go, as soon as the rector had departed. "As you allowed me short time for preparation you will not complain if she trespasses on your hospitality a few hours more. To-morrow, bright and early, I will set about seeking a home for you, little wife; at twelve o'clock a carriage will come for you; I will join you somewhere, within a block or two of this house, and we will at once go to housekeeping. Does the programme please?"

"Anything you wish, Fraser," murmured the bride; he kissed her, shook hands with Rhodes, and walked out of the house.

Then Mr. Rhodes said good-night in his most stately manner, and the little bride went slowly up the stairs to her room, where she sat until the moon went down, in her wedding-dress, at the window, looking over at the dark trees in the park, shedding a few tears, but in the main very hopeful and happy; very full of foolish anticipations; quite forgetful that those who build their houses on the sand must expect them to fall when the winds come and the rains beat.

The vision of that joyous, beautiful bride haunted Redmond Rhodes many wakeful hours of that night; he was conscious that he could have loved her—that he had come home for nothing in the world but to try his fate with her—and he sighed drearily and often not only for his own disappointment but for the ill choices she had made.

"Still, it may be that his marriage to a lovable young wife will reform Fraser," he mused; and so he prayed it might be.

When the carriage came, at noon of the following day, for Florence, Mrs. Plimpton believed that, as the little refugee said, expected friends at last had claimed her. A trunk containing the few dresses and *linerie* which had been prepared was taken up beside the driver; Florence, with sudden tears in her bright eyes, wrung the housekeeper's hard hand, leaving in it a considerable portion of the money she had remaining, and then—all alone, poor thing! with not one to wish her joy, to fling after her even an old shoe, to give her seasonable advice, or to take heed what became of her—for Mr. Rhodes had departed in the morning, as abruptly as he came—she fled down the stately stone steps, where a few weeks previously she had sunk in her weariness, and hid herself in the carriage which whirled her away to the new, strange, longed-for, yet uncertain life which awaited the unacknowledged bride.

Scarcely had her tears begun to fall, before her husband was in the carriage, kissing them away, and they disappeared in smiles. Regrets, fears, haunting memories of home and mother, were swallowed up in the great flood of happiness which swept through her being.

Given plenty of money and a large metropolis, and marvels can be wrought which sober country people would deem impossible. Young Harold had worked one of these miracles. In the few morning hours which he had devoted to the business he had found a home where he could place his bride, while none of his world should dream that in this other world—this double life—he kept a sweet little wife imprisoned in a golden cage.

Resolved to remain a gay bachelor in the eyes of his friends, he had proceeded with as much caution as if engaged in some criminal enterprise. Far over on the west side, and a good way up-town—as remote from his father's house, his club, or any acquaintance of his as he could get it—in a handsome private house, occupied by a French lady to whom money was an object, he had engaged a very fine suite of rooms comprising the whole of the second, or parlor, floor. The lady was pledged to receive no other boarders; her own family consisted of her husband and two little children, a girl and boy, six and eight years of age.

To this woman our little bride was introduced by Fraser as "My wife, Mrs. Fraser." Florence blushed deeply, not only because this was her first introduction to any one by her husband, but also because he had chosen to deny her the full use of the title to which she had a right—yet she had no thought of rebelling; Fraser had assured her that it was only prudent to conceal a portion of their name—otherwise the story of his marriage might come unexpectedly upon his father at any hour, proving most disastrous.

"Among other ill consequences, my sweet, he will cut me off in his will. Neither of us are fitted for poverty, as you know. Only be patient a little while, and all these unpleasant hindrances to our full happiness shall be removed."

So Florence went willingly into this house as Mrs. Fraser; nor did she dream that the black-eyed Frenchwoman construed her wifely blush into a blush for something worse.

"I hope you like these apartments, darling," said Fraser, with his arm about her waist, "for you will spend so much time in them that you will have the chance of becoming tired of them."

"They are delightful, Fraser; and I could never weary of any place with you."

"But I shall not always be with you, my sweet. You understand why we must be very circumspect?"

"Yes," with a little sigh, followed by a confiding glance of the soft dark eyes, stolen at him so shyly from under the ambush of the drooping lashes that he could not regret what he was doing. "It is very good of you to get such magnificent rooms, to please me. I trust you are quite able to afford them!"

"You must not fret your pretty brow about money matters, my pet. I am glad you like the place. Madame Florio has promised to be very kind to you, in my absence. See! this is your wedding-bouquet. I chose it at the florist's an hour ago."

On a little table of rare woods, inlaid with rich designs in ebony and gold, standing between the front windows of the drawing-room, was a large pyramid of fragrant, snowy flowers—tube-roses, white violets, white carnations and roses, which filled the place with subtle perfumes.

"And here is a ring to guard the wedding-ring," continued the bridegroom, taking from his vest-pocket a splendid solitaire diamond ring and placing it on the tiny, dimpled finger, where a band of plain gold already glittered—a ring Florence had worn for some time and had adopted, the previous evening, to meet the emergency. The dimpled finger seemed almost too frail for the magnificent gem with which the husband encircled it.

"Your wardrobe is limited," continued the lavish lover. "You must amuse yourself, days when I cannot come to you, buying new dresses, bonnets and shawls," and he playfully urged into her hand a well-filled wallet.

Florence's eyes shone more brightly than her diamonds. She would have been wild with bliss anywhere with Fraser; but she dearly loved money, too; luxury, idleness, were cravings of her temperament; to adorn her beauty, and have it admired, her fondest duty.

The center room of the suite of three was to be used as their private dining-room; and here, in a couple of hours, a small table was laid for two, adorned with a profusion of flowers, and waited upon by two silent attendants, while a dinner, fit for the bridal banquet, comprising the costliest delicacies within the power of a Delmonico to furnish, was served *a la Russe*.

And thus in a fairy world, where all was different from the life she had led as a girl in a dull country village—in a fairy world of luxury, of careless ease, of youthful passion and bliss, with no thought for the morrow, but only the expectation of a long reign of idle pleasure, the honeymoon rose splendidly for Florence.

Alas! before the term of that magic honeymoon was over she had shed many bitter tears—learned many bitter truths. Before it had waned into darkness she had longed, with aching heart, more than once, for the dull peace and safety of her village home.

CHAPTER XIV.

STRUGGLING TO BREAK THE TOLLS.

The pretense of an engagement was only a ruse of the baronet's to get M. Goldenough away from the gaming-table. The three walked out, and over into the pleasure-grounds, where crowds of idlers were sitting under the trees, at little tables where refreshments were served, or pacing up and down avenues lighted with colored lamps. The music of an excellent band, playing the delicious Strauss waltzes, floated airy over all, between the gay earth and the far, pure, steady stars. Violet looked up to those pure stars, shining unswervingly in the dark-blue ether, wishing, with a wild, wordless spasm of pain, that she was up there among their bright company, or somewhere out of this strange, foreign atmosphere of smoke and beer, of a mockery of gaiety, of fictitious glare like that of the stained lights.

Homesick, deep and deadly, was upon her. Fear, dread, terror of she knew not what, hung about her like the formless shadow of some huge approaching, but as yet unseen, ill. The baronet had offered her his arm, with a smile that made her turn cold with aversion; and to escape the necessity of taking it, she had quickly slipped her hand over her father's arm; but this was nearly as disagreeable to her. Sir Israel had only smiled the more uncomfortably; and so they had walked on, without speaking, until, reaching a table under the trees in a more quiet part of the park, the baronet asked them if they would rest here a little while, and have an ice.

M. Goldenough placed his daughter in a chair on one side of the small round table; Sir Israel sat opposite, with the father between them. An order was given for the ices.

"How very pale mademoiselle is to-night," remarked the nobleman. "I trust, M. Goldenough, that what I said to you yesterday has nothing to do with the loss of her usual bloom."

"I am not well; I do not think the air of the place agrees with me," Violet forced herself to say.

Sir Israel leaned his folded arms on the table, and kept his small, black, beady eyes fixed upon her, with a smile, that was most like a leer, intended to express his unbounded admiration—perhaps something more tender than admiration. Violet shuddered inwardly, sitting there like a marble image, never raising her eyes.

The baronet was a person of "uncertain age," as they say of spinsters; some thought him fifty, others vowed he was seventy, if a day. He was very rich, and very mean, and very ugly—ugly in features and temper. He lived on the continent a good part of the year, because he could live more cheaply than on his estates. He had a passion for watching others play, but never himself ran any risks. He had black eyes which revealed little of his thoughts, a Jewish nose, an ugly under-lip, a small, lean, bent figure, quick motions, dyed his hair and beard, was dressed in financial operations as one equally unscrupulous and successful, and had as little about him of the better part of human nature as it was possible to have, and not be actually guilty of atrocious crimes. He was too cunning to do things forbidden by law; but anything which could be twisted to be within legal limits, which avarice or inborn wickedness prompted, he would do. Ever since they came he had had those sinister eyes on the pompous American and his beautiful daughter. He could have told, as accurately as the player, what his gains had been in that time. He made up his mind that M. Goldenough was much richer than he was. For once his shrewdness was at fault—the overpowering, patronizing manners of the banker had given generally the impression that he was a person of immense wealth and importance.

Also, after remaining eighteen years a widower, he had resolved to marry *la belle Americaine*, if such an achievement were possible. It was not love; nor even the passion of men for women; but another phase of his avarice that urged him to the resolve—the avarice which craved the best and most beautiful for his own. As one man will love the finest picture, not for love of art, but to have it said that *he owns it*—or another, the horse which has made his mile in half a second less than any other of his race ever made it—so the baronet, seeing how the city was going wild over the delicate bloom, the reserved charms, the fair perfection of the American banker's peerless child, coveted her for his own.

"I have not spoken to my daughter of your flattering proposition," remarked M. Goldenough, suavely. "I can reveal it to her now as well as any time. Violet, my dear, Sir Israel Benjamin does you the great honor to offer you his heart and hand."

Violet cast a startled look from one to the other of the two men.

"You do not understand me?" repeated M. Goldenough, with a cruel smile. "Sir Israel, our noble friend here, does you the very great and unexpected honor to offer you his hand in marriage."

"It is my daughter's first offer," he continued, a moment later, turning blandly to the baronet; "it surprises her, and she has not the self-possession to meet it as she would like to. You must pardon me to her youth and inexperience."

"Divine fault of modesty and innocence!"

How can I but admire and forgive a hesitation so angelic? murmured Sir Israel, rolling up his eyes and clasping his hands, as if paying his devotions to a saint.

All this time the large blue eyes of the girl were dilating, and her sweet, pure face growing whiter; aversion, horror and fear were painted on it, as shadows of distorted demons are thrown from a magic-lantern on the blank surface of the screen. To have saved her life she could not have uttered a word. But as she glanced from one face to the other of those two heartless men, and realized how completely she was in their power—as she saw the wicked exultation in the smile of the father whom, she felt, hated her, and saw the pleasure he took in her misery—she turned cold, from head to foot, with a deep, sickening fear of she hardly knew what. Then, involuntarily, she cast an appealing look at the stolid waiter who was placing the ices on the table, and around upon the strange foreign people who would and could do nothing for her. Oh, for her own dear, kind father's—as she called Mr. Vernon—arms about her! Oh, to be safe under the old roof-tree! But, alas! everything here was alien, and she was like a poor little mouse under the spell of the cat that tortures it. M. Goldenough's stealthy paw reached out to give her another paralyzing pat.

"I will answer for her, Sir Israel, that she deeply feels the honor you have done her, gratefully accepts your offer; and consents to a rather unseemly hastening of the marriage solely on account of our proposed departure from Baden."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," said the old baronet, trying to take one of the little cold hands in his own, but which recoiled from his touch with a gesture which brought a malicious gleam into the small black eyes, "than to go with mademoiselle before the mayor, to-morrow. Can we not so arrange it?"

"Not to-morrow, Sir Israel. We will not hurry the poor child so much as that. These young ladies must be humored. This is Friday. On Tuesday I leave for Italy and Egypt. On Monday, then, let us say, the civil and religious ceremonies may both be performed. Did I understand you, Sir Israel, that you will, with your bride, accompany me on my projected tour?"

"That will be as mademoiselle decides. I am her slave. She has but to express a preference, for me to obey her wishes."

"Very well," suddenly Violet had found her voice; driven to desperation, the gentle girl turned like a wild creature at bay—"obey me in this, then, Sir Israel Benjamin—never speak to me again! My father *hates* that I will not marry you—that I will kill myself, first!"

Both gentlemen laughed softly. M. Goldenough took a few spoonfuls of his Roman ice, glancing slyly at his friend, meantime; but making no other reply than that mocking laugh to the wild declaration of the daughter whom he delighted to torture. Presently he said:

"My dear, your ice has melted, and you have not tasted it. Come, we will go home to our apartments. You will need to rest and reflect. Sir Israel, will you walk with me?"

"No further to-night, thank you, M. Goldenough. I will see you in the morning, at eleven."

"Very well. We will arrange all the preliminaries to-morrow. Of course you understand, the affair is settled."

Violet arose as they did. It was with a violent effort that she prevented herself from screaming—from darting away and flinging herself into the first danger that appeared—anywhere, to get away from her companions. She restrained herself, for she said to herself, "If I am quiet, and try to think, perhaps I may escape the more certainly."

She was terribly frightened; yet conscious of a steady resolution to defy and thwart. For the first time in her innocent life she became crafty and cunning, under the pressure of a fearful need. When Sir Israel again attempted to take her hand, she gave it to him, but with her eyes cast down lest he should read their expression.

"Good!" he said, lifting the passive fingers to his lips; "you do not hate me so much as you pretend, mademoiselle. Good-night, and fine dreams. Cannot you wish me the same, my fair lady?"

"I wish you a good night's sleep, Sir Israel," she forced herself to answer.

"Ten thousand thanks, my beautiful bride-to-be."

"Violet," said M. Goldenough, as he conducted her along the cool, dimly-lighted street, after escaping the crowds in the park, "I wish you would reconcile yourself at once to the marriage I have arranged for you. There is no use in resistance or rebellion. I have determined upon it—that is enough. Make any clamorous outcry or troublesome refusal, and I will clap you into the cell of a mad-house, from which you will never emerge until you are old and gray, if ever at all. Your friends will never have a hint of your place of concealment. You will be far worse than buried alive. You know that money can do anything. I shall use mine freely to secure a place for you in an institution, not far from here, on which I have my eye. I know that Sir Israel Benjamin is not exactly prepossessing; but I have chosen that you shall marry him; and you have nothing to do but submit."

"Have mercy upon me, father!" begged Violet, for the first time using the name "father" in addressing him. "Why do you seek to ruin my life?"

"Because your mother has ruined mine," was the answer, from between set teeth. "I took you from her to punish her—I hate you, as I hate her, and you shall not prosper if I can help it. Do not speak to me—be still! Not a word! No mercy is in my heart toward either of you. Let me warn you of one thing," he continued, pausing as they were about to enter their hotel—"to avoid all appearance of excitement—all strange actions, wild protestations, and nonsense generally. Each word and movement may be taken as proof, in case of later complaint against you as a lunatic, of madness inherent in you. You cannot be too cautious."

It was true. She felt it, with sinking heart and icy veins. With no friend near—not one person who knew her antecedents—and with her own father to bring the complaint, she was powerless in his hands. She must make no appeal to the pity or mercy of others! She must not beg for help out of the hideous danger which encompassed her! An imprudent word might be the means of consigning her to a worse than living death! She went up the steps and through the wide passage, up the broad staircase and into their rooms, without venturing to make any answer to the heartless threat of this unnatural parent.

Her blood ran cold at thought of being shut up with mad creatures in a strange country, far from hope, housed with despair—yet even that were preferable to marriage with that grizzly horror!

Her thoughts turned to Mr. Vernon and Charlie. Where was Charlie? Why had he not come to her rescue before this? He could not love her as she loved him or he would have found some way to trace her and watch over her welfare. M. Goldenough conducted her to her room, bowed, and turned the key on her. Why! even this habit of locking her up, had it been noticed by the servants or others, would be received as corroboration of the accusation of insanity, should he choose to make it!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 330.)

A PRETTY LITTLE MAIDEN.

BY D. H. R.

A pretty little maiden had a pretty little dream, A pretty little wedding was its pretty little theme; A pretty little bachelor to win her favor tried, And asked her how she'd like to be his pretty little bride.

With some pretty little blushes, and a pretty little sigh, And some pretty little glances from her pretty little eyes; With a pretty little face behind her pretty little fan, She smiled on the proposals of this pretty little man.

Some pretty little "loves," and some pretty little "dears," Some pretty little smiles, and some pretty little tears, Some pretty little presents, and a pretty little kiss, Were the pretty little preludes to some pretty little bliss.

This pretty little lady and her pretty little spark Met the pretty little parson and his pretty little clerk, A pretty little wedding-ring united them, for life, A pretty little husband had a pretty little wife.

OLD DAN RACKBACK.

The Great Extarminator:

OR,

THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HARRY," "IDAWO TOM," "DAKOTA DAN," "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—CONTINUED.

Dan knew that it was death to be taken alive, or death to stand still, so he turned and glanced over the abyss. The enemy were now so close that he could see the black chasm in the glare of their torches. It was fully thirty feet across. Low, scrubby trees grew on either side of the canon, and inclining slightly inward, interlaced their long, gnarled boughs over the dismal depths.

"Humility, old dorg," he said, "this is the tightest of the tight—we'll have to leap or die, pup."

As the last word fell from his lips, the old ranger turned and made a leap into the air over the mouth of the awful abyss, and seizing a long limb of the nearest tree, crept along it hand-over-hand, dancing and swaying over the black rift. He soon reached the extremity of the limb, but another bough, that was thrust out from the opposite side, was within reach. Seizing it, the agile old ranger transferred himself along it to the opposite side of the rift, and—was safe!

So quickly had the old man made this move, that the rift separated him from his enemies before the latter were aware of the fact. As they came up, the cunning old borderman opened fire upon them with his revolver, filling them with consternation and the fury of baffled triumph.

"Come over, darn ye, if ye want to fight it out," Dan shouted from the covert in the dark. Prairie Paul, who led the chase, hurled back a furious oath at the old man, at the same time firing upon him at random.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the old borderman, in mocking triumph, "you want to be keeful, fellers, how you foolish with a tornado, for I'd have you know the Triangle's no summer zeephyr."

Furious at this, one of the robbers threw his burning torch across the chasm in hopes of its light revealing the form of the ranger; but the latter was where the light could not reach him, and yet where he could see the robbers and use his revolver upon them with such effect that they were finally driven to cover, with two or three seriously wounded men.

They threw their torches aside, but kept up a random firing upon the old borderman, without any effect whatever. Dan, however, at once perceived their object: it was to hold him there while others were being sent around the head of the canon to attack the ranger in the rear.

Humility had escaped by breaking through the enemy's line, and passing around the gorge, soon joined his master, in the wildest delight.

"Bully for you, pup," exclaimed the ranger, beside himself with joy; "I war mortal afraid you'd git it plugged to your system, ole dorg; but—"

"Bow-wow!" barked the dog.

"Dan-yil," exclaimed a voice in the old man's ear, and a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder.

CHAPTER XXXV.

KIT BANDY KNOCKS UNDER.

DAKOTA DAN at once recognized the voice that addressed him. It was that of Kit Bandy.

"Friend Kit," said the ranger, "how does it come that you are here?"

"Great horn of Joshua, Dan-yil! I am out reconnoiterin'."

"Wal, I am glad to meet you, for I've found the boy—the young captain—and the robbers have found me. They got me penned up atwixt them gorges awhile ago, but I got away by doin' somethin' I couldn't do ag'in to save my life."

"That's no tellin', Dan-yil, what a man can do or stand, till he's been married as I have been. Married life, Dan—"

"Harkoe, man, harkoe! The vagrants are comin' down this side of the gorge; the pup tells me so."

"Then a helthier locality is sum't desirable," replied Kit, and turning he led the way back from the gorge with a silence that surprised Dakota Dan.

After he had gone a dozen rods or so, Bandy stopped and said:

"You say Captain Idaho Tom's at the dasted sinners' camp?"

"Ya-as; halted up to a tree, hand and foot."

"What can we two do to'd releasing him? Can't I stand back in the woods and yell and holler and make 'em believe an army's comin', while you sail into camp, lick the outlaws and release the capt'in?—couldn't we do this like a charm, Dan-yil?"

"Wal, now," said Dan, reflectively, "we could, in case I war able to do my part, and you war able to impress the robbers with the belief that you war an army."

"That's easy enough, Dan-yil, easy enough; I learnt how of Sabina—she that was my wife. Let's pull off in that direction, anyway."

The two men stole rapidly away through the night, and were soon in the vicinity of the robbers' camp; although there was nothing but Dan's recollection of its location to tell them where it was, for the fire had been extinguished.

They had gone but a short way when Humility betrayed signs of uneasiness that put his master on his guard, and suddenly Kit touched him on the arm and said in a whisper:

"Right ahead, Dan-yil, do you see that light?"

"Yes, I do; and arn't it one of 'em robber lights in the glass ball?"

"To be sure it is; but hold on, man. Don't you dare fire into it, fur it may be on the breast of our friend, Tom. The varmints'll do anything to git even with us. I know 'em, Dan-yil, like a book."

They watched the light until it disappeared, then they crept away softly in the direction it had gone. They soon came within sound of retreating hoof-strokes, and the first supposition of the two men was that the outlaws had taken to horse and were leaving for safer quarters. Without a moment's hesitation, the two men continued on in pursuit of them.

They had journeyed nearly a mile when Humility suddenly stopped with a low growl which brought our two friends to a sudden halt. The next instant half a dozen riders flashed before them, and as many bullets cut through the air close to their heads.

"Horn that blew up old Jericho!" burst from Kit's lips; "we're in a dinged cowardly trap, Dan-yil."

"Scat!" cried Old Dan; "they're comin'!"

The two old fellows now became the pursued, and a lively race ensued, despite the darkness.

Being unfamiliar with the ground, Dan and Kit were compelled to pick their way with caution, while the enemy followed wherever they went, by the sound of their footsteps. And that the enemy were gaining upon them became plainly evident after they had traversed half a mile of the treacherous hills.

"Kit, if we don't dodge the Joplin blood-hounds very soon, we'll be compelled to give battle," said Dan.

"That's a very trustworthy statement, friend Dan-yil," returned Kit; "but I think that we're boin' pursued by a gang of Ingins at this holy second, for no white man could follow us as they 'pear to be doin'."

"Ingins are the Triangle's best holt, Bandy; give us a hundred or two red-skins if you want to hear a tornado git up and howl. Pity that Patience, my mare, aren't here, for then the set'd be full—the cogs'd all mash together. Judea! Bourbon, that ole mare can act'y kick so hard that she can knock fire outen the darkness, and that pup—Heavens!"

The clash of firearms behind them interrupted Old Dan's expatiations, and forced an exclamation, that was half a groan, from Kit's lips. Dan paid no particular attention to it at the time, but when Bandy began to lag behind, while he labored on with a heavy breathing, grave apprehensions rose in his mind, and were strengthened by the queer actions of Humility, who dashed backward and forward between the two men, whining uneasily.

"Bourbon," said the old ranger, "what's the matter? Are you giving out?"

"No, Dan-yil," replied the other, laboriously. "I got hit with a bullet—I got an ugly hole bored into my system, and gallons and gallons of blood has wasted away. I'm about done for, ole pard."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Dan; "can't you hold out and pull through to camp? Lean on me, Bandy, and—"

"No, no, Dan-yil!" exclaimed the old man, sinking down, "it's no use—I can't do it. Go and leave me; save yourself, and tell the boys how I died."

"Bandy, I can't leave a friend in danger,"

"They can't do me any more harm, Dan-yil, for I'm undone. Go, I say, or, by heavens, man! I will have to shoot you to keep the red devils from torturing you to death," he said, with a terrible earnestness.

Dan heard the click of Kit's revolver, and that the dying man meant what he said the ranger had no doubt; and turning he moved away—leaving a friend in danger to save himself for the first time in his eventful life. But he felt no compunctions of remorse—he felt that the end justified the means. He had gone but a short distance when he heard a pistol-shot and a groan; then followed a savage yell which told him that Kit Bandy, dead or alive, had been found by the enemy!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE SECRET IN THE FIRE.

It was broad daylight ere Dakota Dan reached camp with the sad intelligence of Kit Bandy's fate. The young rangers had passed a night of painful anxiety and uneasiness, and the news that Dan now brought in affected them deeply. During their short sojourn together, the old ex-robber had won their confidence and esteem by his dauntless courage, his kindness of heart, and jovial, whimsical expressions; and while they mourned his loss as a friend, they also mourned him as a leader in search of their beloved young captain, Idaho Tom. It was true, Dakota Dan was his superior in every respect pertaining to the hills and prairies, but he knew not so well the sinuous windings that led to the hidden den of Prairie Paul. However, the youths themselves knew about where the location of the stronghold was, and without delay pushed off into the hills.

The soldiers broke camp and pushed southward about daylight, so that there was no appeal to them for assistance.

The Powder river was but a few miles away, and straight toward the ford where they had crossed a few nights previous the rangers held their way.

The valley along which they traveled was wide and but sparsely wooded, and as they journeyed on, Dakota Dan kept a close watch on every side as if apprehensive of danger. They had nearly reached the ford, and were discussing the probabilities of danger around it, when a score of mounted Indians and outlaws swept out of a narrow defile on the right of the valley behind them, and with a yell charged toward them.

With deliberate calmness the rangers drew rein, turned in their saddles and sent a volley of lead back at the foe, emptying a number of saddles and causing the survivors to check up in their breakneck advance. Some dismounted and dodged in among the rocks and bushes on the hillsides, and stealing along, opened a fire from their covert.

The young rangers at once saw the propriety of retreat and so pushed on toward the ford. But, to their surprise, a number of enemies suddenly appeared between them and the river to dispute their passage.

"By the livin' thunder!" cried Old Dan, "we're gittin' into a confounded deefekilious trap, boys."

"Can't we strike the river by turning off through this defile?" asked Darcy Cooper.

"We can try it," said Dan, wheeling into the passage at the right and spurring away.

With a yell the enemy came in pursuit. The rangers galloped up the little, narrow valley and soon found their way disputed by the rushing river. There was no escape up or down the stream, and it was plainly evident now that they had been caught in the very trap set for them.

"Boys," said Old Dan, "thar's but two ways outen this deetrappity, and that's to cut our way back, or swim to yan island that bears the ruins of an old fort. Say now yerselves which it shall be."

"Swim to the island!" cried the rangers, in a breath.

Dakota Dan spoke to his mare; she moved forward and leaped into the river, and struck out toward the island with her master upon her back. One by one the reckless young rangers followed his example, and ere the enemy were aware of the fact, they had reached the island, putting more than twenty rods of deep, rushing water between them and the eastern shore, and nearly the same width on the opposite side.

The island was nearly an acre in area, and was covered with the ruins of long wooden buildings—the relics of the North-western Fur Men. Behind these walls and decaying roofs the rangers found shelter for both themselves and animals, but they were none too soon in gaining it. The enemy rushed up the pass behind them and swarmed over the hills like a pack of famishing wolves. From their coverts on the top of the bluff overlooking the river, they watched for a glimpse of the pursued man and fired upon them whenever it was obtained. But the distance was all of forty rods, and most of the shots fell wide of their mark, and were buried in the logs of the buildings.

Meanwhile, the rangers were also on the alert, and whenever an opportunity was afforded, put in a shot at the enemy. Dakota Dan became unusually lively and spirited, for he was now in the height of his element. He did not give himself a moment's trouble as to how they would get away, or withstand a prolonged siege without provisions for themselves and food for their animals.

"Don't borrow trouble, boys," he said, in reply to a question on this subject; "when we're feelin' the pangs of hunger, then will be time to cast about for pervision. By scrimpin' a leetle, we can keep up a day or two anyhow. I've known old Patience, my mare there, and Humility, my dog here, to go without a mouthful of anything for a week; and whenever starvation war starin' us in the face, the Triangle found it easier to whoop a hundred red-skins than when we'd a full stomach. Hunger adds to one's vim and desperashin. But, look here, boys, do ye see that Ingin top-knot 'bove that r ck to the north of that blasted pine?"

All answered in the affirmative.

Dan dropped his head, ran his eye down the barrel of his rifle and pressed the trigger. As the weapon rang out, a yell of agony came down from the top of the bluff, and to the surprise of the rangers they saw a form in savage raiment spring into the air, then pitch forward, and, heels over head, go tumbling and crashing down the steep inclination, and plunge into the river.

"You salted that red-skin, Dan," said Ben Marcy.

The savage sunk from view when he plunged into the river, and although the rangers watched closely for the appearance of the body, they were disappointed; it did not rise to the surface.

"That's kind o' queerish," said Dan, "that that critter don't come to the surface. Shouldn't wonder if thar wa'n't some trick 'bout that lofty tumblin' down that hill."

"Bow-wow—brrr!" barked Humility, drawing the attention of the party up-stream where the view was obstructed by the buildings.

"By the holy smoke of sacrifice!" exclaimed old Dan, "do you see that?"

The form of a man in Indian garments, with head and face concealed in a perfect mass of tangled vines and aquatic plants, sprung suddenly out of the water upon the island and sought shelter from Indian bullets behind the row of buildings that flanked the east side of the island.

"Halt, thar, you confounded water-rat you!" yelled old Dan; "who be you? what d'ye want here?"

"Hold up on dat tongue ob yourn, Massa 'Costy Dan," was the reply, and the speaker tore aside the wet mass that enveloped his head, and revealed the black face and grinning white teeth of an African.

"Who in the old scratch be you, anyway?"

"Why, Massa Dan, don't you member dis nigger? Don't you 'member dat Bess mare ob mine what you hooke rote up ob de robbers' team? Lord, c'ild, don't you—"

"Great Jehovah! it's that niggero—that Snowball, as I'm a born sinner! Mighty Moses, niggero! we left you deader'n ole Julia Caesar 'tother night! Give me your hand, you black imp, and b'lieve me you come, like Lazarus of old, for I s'posed a hundred wolves had died eatin' of your black hide. How are you, anyhow, Mr. Snowflake? Whar ye been? whar ye gwine?"

"Golly, Massa Dan, I's gwine right here. Didn't you see dis nigger come a-bouncin' on his head down dat hill? Dat war me, and I jes' dive under da water and swim like a mud-ben 'long de bottom, and come right out here."

"Judea! did I ever?"

"De Ingins come mos' awful nigh killin' me 'tother night, and when I got my eyes open it was daylight, and as dey'd taken off mos' all my clothes, I took de duds off a dead Ingine and struck out in s'arch ob my Bess mare, and here I be."

Dakota Dan, with his dog at his heels, scouted around the island as though apprehensive of danger. The old ranger trusted solely to his dog's instinct for notice of approaching enemies, and in doing so it was with a feeling of perfect safety.

The rangers in the cabin discussed the situation in tones that were in sympathy with their feelings. The fate of Idaho Tom had weighed heavily upon their minds, and the future now seemed to threaten them with increasing dangers. They really had little hopes of ever finding Tom, and but for the Princess Aree, they would have given up the pursuit since the supposed death of Kit Bandy. But, somehow or other, a faint spark of hope found nourishment in the belief that the maiden would intercede for Tom, and perchance effect his escape, should he be carried a prisoner to the robber stronghold.

In the midst of their conversation they were interrupted by the sound of old Dan's voice in conversation with some one outside.

A man in a canoe had descended the river and touched upon the upper side of the island. Dan had challenged him, and received the answer:

"I am a friend—Captain Sebley, of General Cutler's exploring party."

"The deuce, you say?" answered Dan. "Well, captain, walk into the hut and give an account of yourself."

Dan conducted the man into the cabin, and introduced him to the rangers as Captain Sebley. The captain was a tall, fine-looking man, with a keen eye and pensive black beard. He was dressed in the uniform of a captain of cavalry, over which he wore a dark blue military cloak that reached almost to his heels. He threw open his cloak as he entered the cabin, revealing a pair of silver-mounted revolvers, a saber and a staff.

Soon as Dan had introduced him, he took his dog and went back to his watch on the margin of the island.

"Captain Sebley," said Darcy Cooper, "I am surprised to see you here at this time."

"No doubt of it, sir," said the captain, in a bluff yet affable tone that at once won the confidence of the boys, "but I know I am devilish glad to surprise you. I've been separated from the command two days, and am yet a day behind. My horse gave out yesterday, and I was compelled to take it afoot. But to-day I ran across a young Indian coming down the river in a boat, and so I hired passage with him, and he having landed me on this island went ashore to wait for me. Have you fellows seen anything of Custer's command?"

"It was camped within ten miles of here last night," answered Darcy Cooper—"they went south."

"It's devilish queer they don't send a party back after me; but then, I presume they think I'm able to take care of myself," said the captain. "But, boys, what appears to be your object in this confounded old desolate ruin?"

"We're conferred here by a gang of outlaw Indians and white renegades, and they've been making it warm for us."

"Indeed? Why, I never dreamed of the like!" exclaimed Sebley, with a slight start. "I've met a hundred Indians the past two days and they all vie with each other in doing me honors, confound the greasy louts."

"Your uniform is a passport through this country, captain; but woe to the unlucky whites that come not in blue," said Cooper.

The captain laughed in an easy, good-natured sort of a way.

"Then if such is the case, you had better adopt me as your Moses to deliver you out of your troubles and this land of Philistines," he said, a smile upon his face.

"We would willingly do so were we not in search of our leader, Idaho Tom, who is a prisoner in the hands of the outlaws up among these hills somewhere."

"You speak of outlaws; do you really believe a band of such characters exists in these hills?"

"I do," affirmed Cooper; "in fact, we know it, for we have had one or two fights with them. They are under one Prairie Paul."

Captain Sebley stroked his long, glossy whiskers as he gazed reflectively into the fire at his feet.

"Prairie Paul—I have heard of him," he said, as if speaking to himself, "but always supposed he was a myth, as I have never met any one before that knew him positively. But if such is the case, I'll have to look out, for robbers may not respect my blue."

"I think your blue will carry you right through, captain, even among them."

"By George! I hope so," Sebley answered; "then I presume it is as you say; they would invoke the closest search of the military should they make away with me, and so endanger their situation."

"Guess, boys, we'd better press the captain into our service a few days," said Ben Marcy; "Uncle Sam can spare him a short time. What say you, captain?"

"I dare say, boys," replied the officer, "that I can effect terms with your enemies without the least trouble whatever; and as I'm not likely to overtake the command soon, I would just as lief give you my assistance and influence as to leave you here to be butchered."

"We will be under everlasting obligations to you if you will do so, captain," said young Cooper, "though I cannot ask a man to risk his life and position for me."

"Tut, tut, young man," replied the officer, "I owe kindness to my fellow-men as well as my country. If you say that you will place yourselves under my protection, I'll give the red-skins to understand that I am escorting you off their reservation."

"That'll do," said Marcy; "but what about Captain Tom? We cannot give him up."

"I dare say the Indians know where he is; and if alive, I'll have him brought forth," said the officer.

"If you think you can have that influence with the red-skins, I think we will adopt you as our flag of truce," young Cooper remarked, facetiously.

"All right, boys," the captain replied; "in the morning we will set forth, though I will see the red-skins first."

While this conversation was going on inside, the young Indian, who had landed the captain on the island, paddled over to the west shore, and in the course of ten or fifteen minutes returned. He landed on the island, beached his canoe, then with a slow, hesitating footstep approached the cabin.

Dan kept a close watch upon his movements. He approached the door and glanced cautiously around until his eyes rested upon the face of Captain Sebley.

"Hullo, my grim Sharon," the captain exclaimed; "what would you have, my boy?"

"Sojers—that many," and he held up two fingers, "over there—hunt for pale-face friend—me tell 'em dat one sojer-man here—these send that," and he handed the captain a folded slip of paper; on the back of which was written: "To Captain Sebley, if on the island, if not, to the one in command there."

Captain Sebley read it aloud, then burst into a paroxysm of laughter.

"The boys are back looking for me," he said, "and have got track of me some way or other. I'll read the note and see what they have to offer."

He read as follows, in a clear, distinct tone: "CAPTAIN SEBLEY: If you are on that island, let us know, for we are getting tired looking for you. If no such person is there, the leader, or any one of the party camped thereon, will confer a favor by informing us of the fact, at your first convenience. Yours, etc., 'LIEUTENANT GREGORY'."

"Well, I'll have to answer this in person," said the captain, dropping the paper into the fire, and rising to his feet.

"Then this is likely to spoil our arrangement, isn't it?" said Darcy Cooper.

"Not at all; we will not leave you, rest assured, and I will report soon again. I may, while ashore, obtain an interview with your enemies; and if so, I shall demand the surrender of your friend, if they have him."

"Act your pleasure, captain," answered Cooper, as the officer turned and moved away.

A momentary silence followed the captain's departure; then the rangers began discussing the promising prospect before them. While thus engaged, Darcy Cooper seated himself before the fire and gazed reflectively into the cheery blaze. Ben Marcy noticed the expression that came over his face, the working of the muscles, and the vague, far-off look of the eye; and he wondered what thoughts the warm glow of the blaze conjured up in his mind—whether some familiar faces—the associations of the home fireside, were recalled to his youthful mind. And Ben was suddenly startled by the change that flashed over his young friend's face. Cooper's lips parted; he started to his feet, exclaiming aloud, as he pointed to the flame at his feet:

"Great God, boys! I have read a terrible secret in that fire! Look!—read it for yourselves!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DAKOTA DAN RECONNOITERS.

"WHAT is it, Darcy?" asked the young man's companions, started by his sudden excitement.

"Do you see the ashes of that paper dropped in the flames by Captain Sebley?" he asked.

All answered in the affirmative, for there upon the coals at the edge of the fire lay the charred remains of the paper. The latter had not been consumed by the blaze, but, lying upon the red coals, had charred to a blackish, gray color, preserving its form in whole; and upon this sheet of ashes every word that had been written thereon could be distinctly traced in white lines!

"And do you see those letters upon it?" Cooper asked.

All looked closely and again answered in the affirmative.

"By heavens! that Captain Sebley is an impostor, or else he lied to us regarding the contents of that slip of paper," said Cooper.

An exclamation burst from every lip, then all gathered to examine the contents of the burned paper.

Darcy Cooper dropped upon his knees, and shading his eyes from the glare of the fire, said:

"Now listen, and I will read from the ashes of that paper the words upon it."

Slowly he read these words:

"CAPTAIN—I have ten of the boys and thirty Indians here awaiting your order. How shall the island be reached?—or can you draw them out of their den?"

Again an exclamation burst from the lips of the astonished rangers.

"By gracious! that Captain Sebley is an impostor!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" came a strange, shrill laugh from near the door, and the next moment a queer, strange specimen of humanity appeared from the darkness and paused in the doorway.

The stranger was a man, a little above medium height, with a thin, sharp face innocent of beard and most of the face; and his form was wrapped and girded in a manner that gave him the general appearance of a first-class vagabond.

Who in Satan's name are you?" exclaimed one of the rangers.

"Ha! ha! ha!" the man continued, laughing in the peculiar rollicking strain that is bound to set an auditor into a roar, despite his efforts to appear grave; "I really thought you young curmudgeons would get your eyes wide open," he said, shaking his long, bony fingers at the boys.

"Well, now, who are you, old bandyshanks?" asked one of the rangers, astonished at sight of this new arrival.

"Ho, ho, ho," chuckled the man, rubbing his hands with glee, as he advanced into the cabin and glanced from face to face; "it's no difference who I be—I'm no flag of truce, let me tell you, hoss-fly; that's purty good—Captain Sebley, ahem!—lost from the command chasing buffalo; ahem!—hired an Injun boy to paddle him down the stream, ahem!—going to be your Moses and take you to the promised land—oh—hmm!—fine, nice, delicious, humane, grandiloquent Captain Sebley!—bully Captain Sebley—ha! ha! ha!" and the man's form became convulsed with laughter.

He stood in the twilight where the light and shadows blended, and his words were spoken rapidly and accompanied with appropriate gestures that rendered him an object of queer interest.

"What do you know about Sebley?" demanded Marcy.

"Hoss-fly and nettles! what do I know 'bout the old scotch? what do I know 'bout the science of minierology?—phlebotomy?—what do I know about anything, why don't you ask? What do ye take me for!—a bear? a jassack? a rangatang!—a hyetus? or an old fool?"

"It's hard to tell," answered Cooper, growing impatient.

"It is!—well, I'm Ichabod Flea, and I know whereof I speak when I say that Captain Sebley is no other than that gray old cockatoo, Prairie Paul, of the Gold Hills! If he ain't, eat me, hoss-fly. So you can act accordin', and charge the same to my account, for I'm off like a lark in the gray of the rosy morn'."

Before one of the boys could reply, Ichabod Flea disappeared like a shadow. The boys followed him out and down to the edge of the island, but before they could arrest his flight he jumped into his canoe and paddled away down the river.

Dakota Dan came up about this time and said:

"That's an old ole genius, but he's no fool, boys; I had a talk with him afore I let him go into the cabin. That's a good joke Captain Sebley is playing; and it's queer that I didn't recognize Prairie Paul. But we'll be ready for 'im."

"It may be that the redoubtable Ichabod Flea is an enemy also," said Darcy, "and were it not for the words upon the burnt paper, I would take his word no sooner than Sebley's, confound the traitors!"

"I'll tell ye, boys," said Dan, "I'm going ashore to reconnoiter a beetle. I want to know more about this than I do. I'd like to see whar Mr. Flea hops to. I have fished that dugout out of the sand round here, and will go over in it."

"It will be rather a dangerous adventure, Dan," said young Marcy, "and I hope we will not lose you."

"I know it, but that's what the Triangle likes, so now keep a clus watch all around till I git back."

Without further words, Dan walked to where the dugout lay on the beach, and with the assistance of the boys launched it and embarked for the northern shore. He soon effected a landing, and as no one appeared to dispute his way, he pushed back into the woods a few rods and stopped to listen.

All was silent. He kept back some fifty rods from the river, for he knew that if danger was near, it would be along the shore.

He moved on for nearly a mile, then bent his course westward and struck off among the hills. He had not gone over half a mile ere the reflection of a light far in advance attracted his attention and enlisted his curiosity. He quickened his footsteps, and in the course of a few minutes drew up on a ledge overlooking the camp of a party of Indians and outlaws. Here repeated surprises met his gaze. As he ran his eyes over the assembly, some of whom were standing, some sitting, and some reclining, he picked out the form of Prairie Paul in his late disguise of Captain Sebley. But if he was surprised when he saw the form of the outlaw chief, he was completely astounded when he saw the familiar face and form of Kit Bandy seated among the crowd, as well, apparently, as he ever was in his life, and enjoying perfect freedom of the camp.

Dan ground his teeth with rage, for it flashed through his mind in an instant that Kit had not been wounded, but had made use of a glaring falsehood to enable him to return to his old associates—the robbers. He was sorely tempted to draw a bead upon the villain and put an end to his existence; but before he could carry his thoughts into execution, his mind was diverted from his purpose.

After some mental deliberation, Dan rose and started back to the island, undecided as to what he should do. He knew it would not have been good policy to have shot either Kit or Prairie Paul, for this would only have added to the cruelty and vengeance of their followers, and made the possibility of rescuing Idaho Tom still more hopeless.

The old ranger did not return by the route he came, but cut across the valley toward the island. His way lay through a densely wooded district, where the darkness was almost impenetrable; but he kept his bearings well, and knew about where he would strike the river. As he hurried along, noiselessly as a shadow, the sharp tinkle of a bell suddenly smote his ears, a light flashed into his face, and a shrill, sharp voice screamed through the dismal, gloomy night.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 324.)

THE SONG.

BY FELIX BROWNE.

Her voice was like a chime of silver bells, Whose sweet, sad music floats upon the air, Whose plaintive strain to hear the swells In one low song, harmonious, rich and rare.

And so she sung beneath the cold June moon, As we two sat in shadow of the trees, And the tuberoses scattered rich perfume With lavish splendor on the southern breeze.

So she sang, and a sleeping bird Awoke from his dream to hear the strain, Fluttered and chirped, as he wondering heard Her rich voice sing the sad refrain.

Ah! that beautiful song! its echoes still float, And quiver, and float on the soft summer air; But ah! nevermore does the June moon gloat On the singer who sang it, so fair.

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE PROFESSIONAL CAMPAIGN.

THE second tour of the professional campaign of 1876 terminated July 15th, which was the end of the fourth week of the tour. The first week's play ended in favor of the West by a record of seven victories to five. The second week saw the score a tie—five to five. The third week the East had the advantage by six victories to five; but during the fourth week the West rallied in excellent style for the lead and ended the tour with a score of eight victories to five, leaving the totals of the tour at twenty-six to twenty in favor of the West, the aggregate of both tours being fifty to forty-four in favor of the West.

This leaves some up-hill work to attend to for the Eastern nines on the occasion of the next Eastern tour of the Western teams which is to take place in August.

The record of the tour, showing the games won and lost by the clubs of each section, and the total scores made each week by each club and their opponents, is as follows:

FIRST WEEK.

WEST.

Chicago..... 3..... 0..... 25 8

St. Louis..... 2..... 0..... 17 6

Louisville..... 1..... 2..... 12 13

Cincinnati..... 0..... 3..... 19 30

Totals..... 7..... 5..... 73 56

SECOND WEEK.

Chicago..... 2..... 1..... 20 26

St. Louis..... 1..... 2..... 13 21

Louisville..... 1..... 2..... 8 18

Cincinnati..... 0..... 2..... 8 18

Totals..... 5..... 5..... 86 66

THIRD WEEK.

Chicago..... 1..... 2..... 11 12

St. Louis..... 2..... 2..... 16 14

Louisville..... 2..... 0..... 16 7

Cincinnati..... 2..... 1..... 15 13

Totals..... 6..... 5..... 58 46

FOURTH WEEK.

Chicago..... 3..... 0..... 44 10

St. Louis..... 2..... 2..... 22 15

Louisville..... 2..... 0..... 22 15

Cincinnati..... 0..... 3..... 13 29

Totals..... 8..... 5..... 86 54

FIRST WEEK.

WEST.

Hartford..... 2..... 0..... 19 8

Boston..... 2..... 1..... 21 13

Athletic..... 1..... 2..... 26 50

Mutual..... 0..... 2..... 1 15

Totals..... 5..... 5..... 66 86

THIRD WEEK.

Hartford..... 2..... 1..... 12 11

Boston..... 2..... 1..... 14 16

Athletic..... 1..... 2..... 13 15

Mutual..... 0..... 2..... 7 16

Totals..... 5..... 6..... 46 58

FOURTH WEEK.

Hartford..... 2..... 0..... 7 7

Boston..... 0..... 3..... 10 44

Mutual..... 4..... 0..... 29 13

Athletic..... 1..... 2..... 15 22

Totals..... 5..... 8..... 54 86

The supplementary game between the Louisville and Mutuals was won by the latter. The summary is as follows:

RECAPITULATION.

WON. LOST. CHICAGO. WON. LOST.

Boston..... 6..... 5..... 8..... 9..... 3

Hartford..... 6..... 5..... 8..... 9..... 3

Mutual..... 4..... 2..... 7..... 6..... 6

Athletic..... 3..... 2..... 9..... 2..... 9

Totals..... 20..... 2..... 36..... 30

A pretty good estimate of the play of the respective nines during the last week of the tour can be made from the appended batting and pitching record.

TUESDAY'S PLAY.

WEST. BASE. HITS. RUNS. EAST. BASE. HITS. RUNS.

Chicago..... 18..... 4..... 4..... 18..... 4..... 4

St. Louis..... 5..... 0..... 0..... 5..... 0..... 0

Louisville..... 15..... 4..... 4..... 15..... 4..... 4

Cincinnati..... 2..... 1..... 1..... 2..... 1..... 1

Totals..... 40..... 9..... 9..... 40..... 9..... 9

THURSDAY'S PLAY.

WEST. BASE. HITS. RUNS. EAST. BASE. HITS. RUNS.

Chicago..... 18..... 4..... 4..... 18..... 4..... 4

St. Louis..... 5..... 0..... 0..... 5..... 0..... 0

Louisville..... 15..... 4..... 4..... 15..... 4..... 4

Cincinnati..... 2..... 1..... 1..... 2..... 1..... 1

Totals..... 40..... 9..... 9..... 40..... 9..... 9

SATURDAY'S PLAY.

WEST. BASE. HITS. RUNS. EAST. BASE. HITS. RUNS.

Chicago..... 18..... 4..... 4..... 18..... 4..... 4

St. Louis..... 5..... 0..... 0..... 5..... 0..... 0

Louisville..... 15..... 4..... 4..... 15..... 4..... 4

Cincinnati..... 2..... 1..... 1..... 2..... 1..... 1

Totals..... 40..... 9..... 9..... 40..... 9..... 9

West—total base-hits, 136; earned runs, 33. East—total base-hits, 102; earned runs, 16.

The clubs will play with their respective home nines until the Western clubs make their last Eastern tour in August.

What the St. Louis nine can do when they go in to win—every man doing his best, as the majority always do—was shown by the play of the Browns in St. Louis against the Hartford, Pearce's Brown Stocking team doing things up brown to the tune of putting out the strong Hartford nine in twenty-seven successive innings, without their being able to score a solitary run. The fact is unprecedented in the annals of ball-playing. The victories over the Boston Reds by the Chicago Whites, coupled with the defeats sustained by the Hartford in St. Louis, give the Chicago nine a long lead in the pennant race, and the Hartford will have to work very hard to be able to get as near to the Whites as they were before they visited St. Louis.

The League-pennant record to July 19th, inclusive, is as follows:

CLUBS. WON. LOST. CHICAGO. WON. LOST.

Athletic..... 1..... 4..... 0..... 2..... 3..... 38

Boston..... 3..... 1..... 4..... 0..... 2..... 38

Chicago..... 5..... 6..... 4..... 3..... 5..... 30..... 36

Cincinnati..... 4..... 3..... 1..... 1..... 0..... 2..... 38

Hartford..... 2..... 4..... 0..... 0..... 0..... 0..... 38

Louisville..... 1..... 1..... 0..... 0..... 1..... 1..... 38

Mutual..... 1..... 1..... 1..... 0..... 1..... 1..... 38

St. Louis..... 6..... 3..... 2..... 3..... 3..... 4..... 24..... 35

Games lost..... 24..... 19..... 7..... 30..... 21..... 142..... 286

Games drawn..... 1..... 0..... 1..... 0..... 1..... 0..... 6

Actual games played, including ties, 146.

A summary of the above shows the clubs occupying the following relative positions:

CLUBS. WON. LOST. CHICAGO. WON. LOST.

Chicago..... 30..... 14..... 20..... 20

Hartford..... 24..... 13..... 11..... 21

St. Louis..... 24..... 13..... 11..... 21

Boston..... 17..... 19..... 6..... 23

Louisville..... 16..... 21..... 142..... 142

THE ST. LOUIS REDS.

This regular representative Western nine returned home from their second tour this season on July 15th. During their last trip they played fifteen games, winning ten, losing four, and one being a tie, as follows:

June 22, Reds vs. Indianapolis, at Indianapolis, 6 3

" 24, " vs. Buckeye, at Columbus, 2 3

" 26, " vs. Allegheny, at Allegheny (3d), 4 5

THE TROMBONE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

A fellow of infinite taste,
A fellow of infinite cheek,
And by the way they'd expand
You'd think they'd burst or would break
His soul upon harmony fed,
And his ears were for music alone;
He blew, and he blew, and he blew
Like a wind-mill upon a trombone.

He lived in a room to the right,
And blew in a terrible way;
He practiced twelve hours a night,
And thirteen or fourteen by day.
He exhausted the wind in the house;
The sash from the windows were blown;
And he blew the sleep out of our heads
When he tooted upon that trombone.

So steady on it did he toot,
And with such Herculean power,
That when he would lay it aside
'Twould keep on with the tune for an hour.
That trombone was hollow clear through;
No big note o' it clogged up its tone;
'Twas as clear as a factory whistle,
And thrilled us just like a trombone.

We threatened to chuck him into it
And blow him clear through a brick wall;
The more we tried to blow him to cease
The more he quit ceasing at all.
He blew the big notes with a crash
Hard to do for just one man alone;
The small notes he blew with a smash
That was straining upon the trombone.

For several months we endured
The delight we could get out of it.
But he was a lonesome young man
And didn't abate it a whit.
We prayed he would blow out his brains,
Burst his bellows, or turn into stone,
But he kept on blowing the insides
Clear out of that awful trombone.

At length we concluded to charge
That battery in face of the blast;
The instrument forthwith we spiked
And thought we had conquered at last.
We congratulated each other
That a little peace would be known,
But he's gone and bought him another
Everlasting confounded trombone.

Poor Uncle Ed.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

A VERY pleasant little group gathered about Mrs. Dermot's cosy breakfast-table that bright spring morning.

First, Mrs. Dermot herself, fair, fat, and—well, no matter about the age—ten years a widow with not overplenty of means, and the mother of the three girls, Miss Laura, the eldest and the beauty, Miss Isabel, a beauty also, and a musician besides, and little Ruth, who was regarded by the family as neither very brilliant nor very beautiful, but very useful to help mother and the sole servant with the household matters.

This morning there was one more in the group, Mrs. Dermot's brother, Edward, an im-provident youth, who had run away to California years ago, and just come back, not much the better, as Mrs. Dermot could discover, for his long wanderings.

"We never need have expected poor uncle Ed to make anything," she remarked to her daughter the night after his sudden return. "He says he has saved enough to buy himself a little home somewhere, but I suppose that is all. I'm sorry, for I did hope he would have been able to do something for you girls. But I suppose we must make the best of it, and treat him just as we can. I do hope he won't try to buy a house here in the city, for it won't help you any to have shabby relations close. I shall advise him, as his means are small, to buy over on the Jersey shore."

Uncle Ed received this advice and consented to adopt it with a sly twinkle in his gray eyes, which Mrs. Dermot did not notice.

She rather expected to be asked to assist in the selection of the little place, but as uncle Ed did not invite her to accompany him, she did not offer her services.

At the table, this morning, uncle Ed announced that the little house was ready for occupation, and that he was going to take possession in two or three days.

"And now I want a housekeeper," he said, in his slow way. "Won't you lend me one of your girls, Mary?"

Everybody looked up at uncle Ed made this amazing request. As we can see, I do hope he Isabel shrugged her pretty shoulders and smiled, and even Ruth looked astonished.

"Of course she needn't do the rough work," continued uncle Ed; "I'll hire a kitchen girl for that; but I thought I'd rather have one of my own relations to look after things. You see I'll not have very many more years to live, and I'd like to be among my own kin."

Nobody answered, so poor uncle Ed went on, slowly:

"I'll tell you all what I'll do. If one of you girls will go over to my new home and live there with me, I'll give her her board and clothing while she stays, and whenever she marries, I'll give her what I can for a setting-out. Now I'll leave you to think about it. I'm going over to-day, and when I come back this evening you can have your choice made."

After uncle Ed left the room there was a chorus of exclamation. As we can see, Isabel leaned back in her chair and laughed till she was tired.

"Wouldn't I look pretty playing the piano in uncle Ed's six-by-nine parlor, with an ingrain carpet and wooden chairs?" she cried.

"And wouldn't I feel like asking Colonel Richardson to call on me, in some little muffy, stuffy Jersey place?" cried Laura, indignantly. "It's a pity, I know," said Mrs. Dermot, "but I don't see but what some of you ought to go. It would relieve us—and you know uncle Ed would dress you, he said."

"Dress!" cried Laura, indignantly. "Yes! calico gowns and cotton shawls, and maybe a cheap alpaca for Sunday! Thank you; not for me! Let Ruth go; they'll suit her!"

"If ma is willing, I will go," said Ruth, speaking for the first time. "If uncle Ed feels lonely and wants one of us to go to him and stay with him, and I'm willing to go."

"Well, I do suppose you would be the best one for him," said Mrs. Dermot, thoughtfully. "It would leave me more to do for the other girls, and then when they marry they can help you."

"You forget that uncle Ed has promised her a 'setting-out'!" said Isabel, with a scornful laugh.

And Laura added: "A pretty 'setting-out,' no doubt! I don't suppose after his house is furnished, uncle Ed will have fifty dollars left in the world! Go along, Ruth; I wish you joy of your bargain."

"Laura, Isabel, hush!" said Mrs. Dermot, reprovingly. "If Ruth is a mind to go, you ought not to put obstacles in her way. Let her do as she likes."

When uncle Ed came back it was announced to him that Ruth had decided to go with him. "Thank you, dear," he said, laying his hand on her head. "I'll try to make you as comfortable as I can. Will you be ready to go over day after to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir," answered Ruth.

The girls had a great deal of sport over her

going the next day, but little Ruth, whose heart was warm with pity for her lonely uncle, held firm, and was ready to go early the next morning.

Uncle Ed invited the rest to go over and see her installed in her new home. Laura haughtily declined, but Mrs. Dermot and Isabel resolved to go, Isabel enjoying the anticipation of turning up her pretty nose at Ruth's humble quarters.

They crossed the river, and uncle Ed told the ladies to wait at the office a few moments, till he found some sort of a carriage.

"He hired a very handsome one, I must confess!" was Isabel's mental comment, as they were seated, a little later, in the stylish carriage with its splendid horses; "I didn't know they kept such elegant ones outside the city."

Seated in her corner, Miss Isabel enjoyed the ride very much, making comments on all the handsome residences they passed.

"What an elegant place!" she cried, as they drew near a fine old mansion in the midst of stately grounds, with a gleam of marble statuary among the trees, and a sparkling fountain flinging its bright drops in the air upon a well-kept lawn.

"We will stop here," said uncle Ed, as the coachman drew up his horses.

"Here! Why, do you know the people? Who owns this place?" asked Isabel.

"I do," returned uncle Ed, quietly, as he assisted her to alight.

"You'll!" cried Isabel, with at least three exclamation-points after the word.

While Mrs. Dermot stopped short on the carriage-step to say, "Edward! My good fathers alive!"

"Yes, I!" returned uncle Edward, smiling. "Come, Ruthie, dear, this is the home I have brought you to; let us go in and see how you like it."

The surprised party followed him through the grounds to the door, where they were admitted by a neat colored boy.

"Good—morning, John," said uncle Ed. "Here is your new mistress," presenting Ruth, as John bowed low after the manner of a polite darkey, to welcome his young mistress.

"The rooms are all in order, John?" asked uncle Ed.

"Yes, sah," replied John. "Very well, we will look at them, then. Come, ladies."

He led them through lofty rooms, most elegantly appointed, pausing at last in Ruth's own chamber, a lovely room, all soft drab, blue and silver, and fit for a queen or a fairy.

"And here," he said, opening another door, into a room furnished with rose-color, "is a room for your sisters, whenever they may choose to come and stay with you. Mary, there is a room below for you; I know you don't like to climb stairs."

"But—but—Edward—" said Mrs. Dermot, who was the first to recover her voice, "we are astonished beyond measure! I thought you were poor—I thought you said you only made 'a little' out yonder."

Uncle Edward smiled.

"Well, I did make a little, Mary—and I never was given much to bragging, you know. Besides, I had a fancy to see if uncle Edward rich and uncle Edward poor were to be considered the same. You have all been kind"—Mrs. Dermot winced a little, for she knew it had only been a pitying sort of kindness—"and my little Ruthie here, most of all, for she has come to make my home bright. I'll take good care of her, and give her a hundred dollars a month for pocket-money, and when she marries I intend to settle twenty thousand dollars on her for a wedding present."

Isabel sunk down in a chair, speechless with astonishment, while Mrs. Dermot exclaimed, "Well, I never! Goodness gracious, my good fathers! I can't hardly believe it yet, Edward!"

Uncle Edward only smiled. "You'll get used to it, Mary. Now, Ruthie, dear, take your sister to your room and take off her things; Mary, you and Bell must stay all day, and I will send you back in the carriage."

"Was it your carriage?" asked Bell. "Yes. And I hope you will enjoy a great many rides in it, Bell."

"What will Laura say?" was Bell's first question, when she found herself alone with Ruth. "It don't make any difference, though; we both had the same chance you did! Ruth, you're a lucky little soul!"

And Ruth, as she moves happily about 'poor uncle Ed's' magnificent home, thinks so, too! But the truth is, she was only kind, generous and honest, and now she has her reward.

Romance on the Rail.

Bagging an Express Train.

BY GUY GLYNDON.

"WAL, fellers," said Cap, one day, "human natur's a mighty curious thing; but the curious-est part o' the hull business is this hyer matter o' courag' what everybody claims to have, an' what everybody'll back up with a muscle quick-er'n anything else. You kin call a man a thief an' a liar, an' maybe he'll stand it; but call him a coward an' he's bound to fight."

"Another thing; it's a proverb that every dog fights best on his own ground; which is the same thing as sayin' that a man hain't half as likely to cave when he's got good backin'."

"An' what I want to show you now is, that half a dozen galoots what's sworn to stick together kin back down a score—jest as good, an' better men, perhaps—what hain't sure how fur they kin count on one another."

"That's some purty tough cusses west o' the Mississipp'. They generally begins by gettin' hold o' greenhorns an' cozenin' 'em out o' their money at poker, chuck-luck, monte, an' sich. When the crop o' flats runs short, they takes to knockin' strangers on the head an' emptyin' their pockets."

"But, jest as one man is content to run a peanut stand on the Bowery, while another thinks nothin' o' fingerin' his millions before lunch on Wall street, that's light-fingered gents as hain't satisfied unless they're doin' a land-office business. The Bradford Brothers was o' this stripe; an' it's them I'm goin' to tell you about."

"Ye see, that was five o' 'em. They wa'n't no more brothers than you an' I be; but that's the name they went under. Anyhow, that's what folks supposed; though nobody couldn't swar to the fact, bein's how nobody hadn't never seen the face of any one o' 'em, to know it, fur they always went masked."

"They levied on the community at large fur hosses an' fodder; an' sometimes, jest fur a lark, they'd surround a hull town an' take what they wanted. They might pay you five dollars fur the drink, an' twenty-five fur a boss; ur gobble up both an' knock you on the head if you grumbled—jest as the humor took 'em."

"They was boss sharps, you bet; an' though

thar was a standin' reward fur any ur all o' 'em, dead ur alive, nobody's fingers didn't seem to itch to handle it. Leastways, nobody didn't try their luck at baggin' of the gang."

"It would 'a' been a nice job, anyway, I reckon; fur they was hyer to-day an' two ur three hundred miles off next week. Thar never wa'n't no tellin' whar they'd turn up next."

"Wal, one day we pulled out o' the Junction with our reg'lar four coaches an' a sleeper purty well stocked. Only two days back the Bradford Brothers had captured a town, emptied the bank-till into their own pockets, an' made off with the plunder; an' the bulk o' the talk was about this. Another thing what gave a chance fur chin-music was the fact that we was haulin' somethin' like sixty thousand dollars o' government money in the express car. Nobody knowed how this leaked out; fur they tried to keep it sly. But the passengers got a-holt of it somehow, an' began to stake their chips on the chances o' the Bradford Brothers makin' a lay fur the money."

"I reckon," says one—a granger—"I reckon as how they could stop a train as handy as a stage-coach, an' go through us like a hay-fork through a thrashin'-machine."

"Pugh!" says another—a counter-jumper on forty dollars a month—"that's a hundred men on this hyer train; an' I allow some on 'em's seen a thing ur two, an' hain't so skeery as our friend from the country."

"Skeery yourself!" says the granger, a-gittin' of his clemeze up. "Gol blamed if I can't knock the socks off any sich rake-handle o' a feller as you be, anyhow!"

"Laws a-massy!" hollers an old woman, raisin' her two hands an' a-lookin' at 'em over her specs. "Don't quarrel, young men. Whar's yer home f'arin'? Didn't yer mothers teach ye—"Let dogs delight to bark an' bite?"

"At that, everybody begun to lark; an' one hollers out:

"Go it, ole woman!—I'll hold yer sun-bonet!"

"Young man," says the ole woman, "there's nothin' to beat the ill-manners o' these hyer degenerate times. Now, in my day an' generation old age was respected, at least."

"That thar was a squelcher on him. But the ole woman got fidgety, an' goin' from one seat to another, she asked 'em a thousand questions about the chances o' the Bradford Brothers goin' through the train. One poor devil she didn't give no peace, an' that was the conductor."

"Somebody fur a joke, told her that the express messenger was the man what took care o' the strong box; an' that he carried six-shooters enough to lay out the Bradford Brothers an' all their wife's relations."

"That was enough fur her. At one o' the stations she hobbles out o' the coach an' along the platform to the express car, the side-door of which was standin' open."

"I forgot to say that the ole woman wore a green veil over her Shaker bonnet. But she pulls out her silver-bowed specs from under it, an' wipes 'em on a bandanna handkerchief. Then she puts 'em on again, fustlin' under her veil, an' looks at the express messenger fur a spell, without speakin'."

"All the while the conductor was lookin' on an' grinnin'. He was glad to see somebody else havin' a taste of the sass that was served to him."

"Young man," says the ole woman, byem-by, mighty solemn, "air you the express messenger?"

"Yes'm," says he, as polite as ye please. "Is thar anything I kin do fur you?"

"Not exactly, thank ye," says the ole woman. "But I'll jest say that you're a more polite-spoken young man than one back in the keers."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, ma'am," says the express messenger.

"Now I s'pose you've got heaps o' money in that thar iron box?" says the ole woman.

"I reckon thar's enough thar to buy up all o' Bilesville an' the surroundin' kentry!" says the express messenger, seein' the joke o' the thing.

"S'posin' the Bradford Brothers comes with blunderbusses an' other murderous wepons, an' takes it away from you?" says she.

"Two kin play at that thar game, my dear madam," says the express messenger. "What do you think o' that thar?"

"An' he picked up a six-shooter that was layin' handy."

"Oh, law! Don't pint it this way! Is it loaded? Will it go off?" says the ole woman, mighty skeered.

"I reckon that thar's loaded with sure death. Every time that calls somebody's bound to drop off the hooks, sure!"

"Law! But you don't mean to say that you'd kill 'em, do ye?"

"It 'ud have to be one o' t'other; an' I reckon I'd rather it was them than me."

"But it's wicked to kill men!"

"Not always, ma'am. Didn't Moses kill the Egyptian? Didn't Samson kill the Philistians? Didn't Josh—"

"Young man, I see you read your Bible."

"Reg'lar, ma'am."

"An'—oh, Jerusha!—how Jim Slocum lied thar!"

"An' you hain't afeard that the Bradford Brothers will kill you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Nor git your money?"

"Not much!"

"Nor git into this hyer keer?"

"Nary time!"

"Then, young man, I'll ride with you!" says the ole woman, mighty well satisfied.

"With that, she steps up on to a baggage truck an' crawls into the car before Jim could say 'Boo!' an' he a-lookin' at her with eyes an' mouth wide open."

"All aboard!" yells the conductor, jest a-holdin' of his sides with laughter.

"I gives her steam willin' enough; an' bein's it was down grade a mile, everything began to move."

"Hold on," says Slocum. "Nobody hain't allowed to ride in hyer."

"Why, hain't this hyer your car?" says the ole woman.

"Yes."

"Wal, such a polite-spoken young man as you—a young man as reads his Bible reg'lar—wouldn't deny an ole woman now to ride with him."

"But, ma'am," says Jim, scratchin' of his head, "them's orders, an' I hain't got the say, ur I'd be mighty glad o' yer company, o' course."

"But I can't get out now," says the ole woman. "I'd break every bone in my poor ole body. Law, man! jest be easy. I won't eat ye!"

"She stood her umbrella in the corner, an' settin' down on a box, held her bandbox in her lap, with her reticule on top of it."

"Thar was nothin' but to grin an' bear it; so Jim turned to sortin' over his way-bills. Fur a minute the ole woman fumbled about her dress, an' then she fetched him a handkerchief with some money tied in the corner of it."

"Young man," says she, not likin' to let it go out of her hand, "that thar's all the money I've got in the world, an' it's mighty hard earn't. Will you put it into that thar iron box until we git to the end o' the journey? I reckon it'll be safe thar."

"I can't, ma'am, nohow," says Jim. "But I'll put it in this hyer drawer, along o' this hyer six-shooter, with the greatest pleasure in life. An' it'll be safe enough thar, you bet."

"The ole woman didn't seem half so well satisfied; but she let him put the money in the drawer, an' set down agin'."

"We was on the forty-mile stretch; an' it wasn't more'n ten mile from whar The Mad Engineer come high chuckin' me into kingdom-come, when I seen a pile o' stone on the track with a red flag stuck in the middle of it. Thar wa'n't no climbin' over that; so I called fur brakes an' fetched up the train."

"No sooner done, than out from the bushes at the sides o' the road waltzed four gay an' festive galoots on horseback."

"Hands up!" yells they, pintin' a carbine into either cab winder."

"It wa'n't none o' our funeral. We was paid fur runnin' the train, an' not fur gittin' sky-lights let into our carcasses makin' darn-fool resistance to the Bradford Brothers. So me an' the fireman done what anybody else would 'a' done with a couple o' ounces o' cold lead jest fitchin' to plug 'em—we caved."

"Down jumps one o' the robbers, an' into the cab, an' gobbles up our shootin'-irons; an' then the carbines is p'inted along the train, an' goes off—bang!"

"You bet the heads wa'n't so numerous out o' them car winders after that!"

"But Jim was spunky, an' perhaps, havin' the advantage o' bein' in a close car whar they couldn't see him, he'd 'a' fit. But when he grabbed his six-shooter, the ole woman she says, 'says she:

"Young man, don't use them things. You might hurt somebody. Jest drap 'em, if you please!"

"Jim turns round, an' his eyes peels an' his jaw drops; fur thar sot the ole woman trainin' a navy across her handbox at him."

"Thar hain't no two ways about this hyer leetle game," says she. "It's a bad sell, an' echedered on a lone hand."

"Air you one o' the Bradfords?" says Jim.

"Young man, you jest bet!" says the supposed ole woman—"an' I reads my Bible reg'lar!"

"How high's that?"

"Boss, I caved!" says Jim; "but if you hadn't rung in a cold deal on me, I'd 'a' laid some o' ye out, sure!"

"The robbers laughed, an' after disarmin' him, they blowed open the express box an' pocketed the money. Then they walked through that train, headed by the ole woman, an' lightened the passengers o' their gold watches an' stamps, an' takin' up shootin'-irons as fast as they come to 'em."

"Thar was over a hundred men on that train, an' perhaps twenty o' 'em armed. They wa'n't cowards neither. But none o' 'em knowed what sort o' backin' he could depend upon; so these five men bagged the hull train."

"The pretended ole woman chuckled all the time, an' when she chaffed the counter-jumper, he caved like the white-livered sneak that he was, the rest laughed with her."

"When everything was salted down in their saddle-bags, the ole woman jumped on a spare horse that the others had brought; an' then turn in' to Jim Slocum, she says, says she:

"Young man, always read your Bible reg'lar an' be polite-spoken to ole women, an' maybe be some day you'll be happy!"

"With that she give her hoss the rein; an' the last we see o' the Bradford Brothers was the ole woman's petticoats fluttarin' in the wind."

WHEN THE LEAVES WERE GROWING GREEN.

BY WM. COLLINS.

In the golden springtime, Robin,
When life's a morn' was dawning fair,
You have plucked the fairy blossoms,
For a wreath to deck my hair;
And your voice was music, Robin,
As you owned me for your queen,
Down beside the sunny river,
Where the leaves were growing green.

Dreaming by the river, Robin,
Bright and fair was Nature then,
By the green leaves were throbbing, Robin,
Mong the green leaves in the glen.
Sunshine played around us, Robin,
Love and light our bosoms knew;
You were trusting, fond, and loving,
And my heart to you beat true.
Green the briars and bushes, Robin,
In the summer's golden glow,
When its brightness shone upon us,
In the old days long ago.

Dreaming by the river, Robin, etc.
Backward memory wanders ever,
To the days when we were young;
To the paths we trod together,
And the songs we loved and sung.
Time may blanch my tresses, Robin,
Change the golden brown to gray,
But the heart is still as loving,
As it was in life's young day.
Dreaming by the river, Robin, etc.

A Treasury Romance.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

KITTIE RAYNE sat in the veranda and whistled "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," while John Fenwick sat in the parlor and scowled fiercely at the portrait of that young lady hanging over the mantel. But scowling didn't seem to have much effect on the portrait, and his anger seemed to have about as much on the original.

The truth of the matter was, there had been a lovers' quarrel.

They had been engaged for six months. That was a long time for Kittie to keep her flirting propensities in check. But she had done it, and congratulated herself on the victory she had gained. Why is it that just as soon as we think we have ourselves under control, something comes along to tempt us, and in a good many cases we find that we are not masters of ourselves, after all. I don't know why it is, I am sure. Kittie didn't either. But just about the time she began to plume herself on her self-conquest, Carl Davenport came along, and straightway up popped the old pen-pen for flirting.

It seemed to her she couldn't help flirting with Davenport. He was handsome and jolly, and there was something about him that seemed to dare her. She knew John wouldn't like it; that people would talk; that her mother would institute a course of daily lectures—but, she kept on flirting.

John did care, and by-and-by he spoke to her about it.

"You aren't jealous, I hope?" she said. "I'd never have thought that of you, John Fenwick, never!"

"No, I'm not jealous," he replied. "But I don't like to see you so thoughtless. Stop and think it over, and you'll see that you are doing what is wrong, and what gives me a right to be jealous, if I attribute your actions to anything but girlish thoughtlessness. Would you like to

have me flirting with Miss Powell or Miss Carver as you flirt with Davenport?"

"Oh, I shouldn't care the least in the world," she laughed back. "It's real fun, John. Try it and see."